McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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ORDER OF FROGS ARE GAINING NOTORIETY.

The Smethport Swamp No. 1 Gets Into Newspapers.

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE GOFF

Writes a Letter.—New York Sun, Journal, and Other Big Dailies Give Them First Page and Big Head Lines.

The Independent Order of Frogs, which was organized last century and called their first meeting to order at 11:50:54½ on the night of December 31, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, with the late lamented Justice Isaac Smythe Reynolds, Supreme Congenial of the Universe, in the chair, has got considerable notoriety throughout the United States through a letter sent to Supreme Court Justice Goff of New York.

The letter conveyed thanks to Mr. Goff for refusing to grant a charter to a body of colored theatrical people for an organization to be known as the "Frogs." This autography set forth the genealogy, biography, etymology, geology, lexicology, mineralogy and doxology of this ancient order which was born in the garden of Eden, lay dormant for many years, revived, and lauded with Columbus on Plymouth Rock and was finally reorganized and rejuvenated by the honorable and venerable chemist Isaac Smythe Reynolds, and his wonderful life elixir—liquid nirzone.

In his reply to Recording Toad H. F. Redfield, Justice Goff acknowledged the receipt of his letter and implied a desire to know more about this organization. And this honorable gentleman is not the only one interested. The New York sun devoted the big half of a column on its first page to this letter and the order; the New York Journal gave it a first page position and it has been copied and commented on by prominent dailies in Philadelphia and many other large and small cities so that now Swamp No 1, of the Independent Order of Frogs of Smethport, Pa., is known throughout the Western Hemisphere as well as in the old world.

It may be expected that the order which heretofore has only enjoyed a local reputation will spread out and Swamps will be instituted in the various principalities of the world. In the archives of the order all the ancient manuscripts of the sublime and impressive ceremonials of Froggery have been carefully preserved as well as the prehistoric regalia of the first degree team, and it is said that promoting toads, McCoy and Gillette have carefully dusted them and are in readiness for the whirlwind campaign which is sure to follow this unexpected newspaper fame.

Found Dead in Bed.

Henry Smith, aged about 45 years, was found dead in bed in a room at the Washington House on Webster street, at 12 o'clock last night. The discovery was made by the proprietor, H. G. Solt.

Deceased had been employed at the hotel for the past 15 months as a porter. He was about the house in his usual health up to 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. At supper time last night he was missed, but no special significance was attached to his absence.

At midnight Mr. Solt decided to go to Smith's room and see if the porter was there. It was then that the body was found. The man had evidently lain down upon the bed and there had expired. He was dressed in his working clothes.

Coroner E. R. Sherman was notified and after viewing the remains gave instructions to have the body taken to Sloan's undertaking rooms and prepared for burial. The coroner will not conduct an inquest as there was every indication of death from natural causes.

The deceased is survived by a widow and five children, three sons and two daughters. They live on Clarion street, says yesterday's Bradford Era.

Henry Smith formerly lived in Crosby and is well-known to nearly everyone in this vicinity. Herbert Smith, the 12-year old boy who was charged with horsestealing and now lives at the County Home is one of his sons.

Scool Announcements.

The fall term of school will convene on Monday, August 31. Parents are requested to send their children on the opening. The idea that the first day is unimportant is false. Those whose birthdays occur before Jan. 1, 1909 will be admitted. The laws regarding vaccination and regular attendance will be rigidly enforced. Special examination for those who have already been granted the privilege to take them will be given on Friday, August, 28.

T. P. ALLEN, Prin.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Young Mulatto Killed.

The body of a young mulatto was found on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks near Turtle Point last Saturday morning and as near as could be ascertained it was the body of Claude Thompson, aged about 25 or 30 years.

The unfortunate young man had been killed by the cars some time during Friday night, but whether he had fallen from a train or had been run down, while walking on the track, is unknown. In the pockets of the unknown were found addresses of two Bradford colored people—one being Arthur Parker, No. 67 Main street, and the other Lovie Garrison, No. 12 Howard street.

Coroner Sherman was notified, but after hearing the particulars decided an inquest was unnecessary. The county commissioners were asked to take charge of the body, but it was later learned that the remains would be properly cared for by the Pennsylvania railroad company.

In regard to the identification we clip the following from the Bradford Era: Mrs. Lovie Garrison (colored) lives at No. 12 Howard street and conducts a boarding house. About a week ago Claude Thompson called at her home and asked about a room. He said that he expected to work in Bradford and would like an apartment at her place. He asked for her address, and it was given to him. He said that he was going to Johnsonburg to transfer some insurance to someone. In his conversation he called said that he had a mother, brother and sister, but nothing was said as to where they were living. Neither did Thompson say what line of work he was following, although Mrs. Garrison thought he might be a canvasser. He went to Johnsonburg on August 8. Mrs. Garrison said he was over 25 years of age—being in the thirties, according to her belief.

Yesterday's Era says: Coroner Sherman is of the opinion that the man who was recently killed near Turtle Point was not Claude Thompson as previously supposed, but a colored man named Charles Allen, presumably of Baltimore, Md. This conclusion was reached after reading a letter found on the dead man's body.

Some Fast Time.

On Friday three automobile loads chaperoned by Col. Melville M. Gillette and composed of Samuel E. Bell, Dan M. Brasted, Ed. Studholme, Horace H. Redfield, J. W. Lee, Guy H. McCoy, Ralph C. Gleason, Scott F. Redfield, Ed. Walker, W. L. Hamnar, J. L. Morrison and Chauffeurs Salspaugh, Martin and Dunbar drove to Buffalo on Friday, taking in the races at Fort Erie on Saturday, and returning home on Sunday.

According to the reports given out by members of the party some fast time was made on the trip. Samuel E. Bell in his Oldsmobile, with Chauffeur Martin at the wheel, drove from the Wright House to The Statler Hotel, Buffalo, in three hours and twenty-eight minutes actual running time. Scott F. Redfield in his Packard, himself at the wheel from Buffalo to Olean and Chauffeur Salspaugh at the wheel from Olean to Smethport, ran from the city line to the Wright House in three hours and twenty-three minutes. The distance between The Statler Hotel and the Wright House is about 103 miles and the distance from the city line is about three miles less so it can be seen that they made pretty close to record breaking time for country roads.

Accident on Main Street.

Monday night about 11 o'clock two men in a single rig had a narrow escape from a serious accident and as it was their buggy and harness was somewhat demolished. They were driving along Main street and at the corner of Hill street their horse suddenly plunged into an open ditch running half way across Main. The animal, after a frantic effort, finally managed to get out of the deep ditch but in doing so, pulled the buggy with its occupants into it.

Both men were thrown out, one of them was evidently quite painfully, though not seriously injured. The buggy was upon the whole not damaged to any extent but the harness needed considerable repairs before they could proceed on their journey. After a time they got fixed up so they could continue and left without anyone learning their names.

Danger lights had been placed along the open ditch running parallel with Main street and above the curb on Hill street, but no such light had been placed to warn the traveler of the ditch running out into Main street. People leaving ditches open at night cannot be too careful about putting out sufficient danger signals.

The Lock Haven State Normal School is one the half dozen great Normal Schools. It has graduated over two thousand teachers. It was never so prosperous as at the present time. It is the ideal secondary school in central Penna. A few rooms are yet available for the Fall term which begins Sept. 7.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C.A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

ARE YOU A DIPLOMAT?

THE diplomat holds a high place in business affairs, and it is well to understand what constitutes diplomatic tact. For, like many other valuable qualities, it may be acquired.

Diplomacy is common sense reduced to a fine art. A diplomat is a man who throws away his cigar when he visits a powder magazine. He slows up as he turns the corner. He speaks cordially to the strange dog. He walks slowly when he is escorting an elderly lady. He speaks concisely when he is talking to a busy man. He never whips the horse pulling steadily up hill. He does not wear his vermilion golf jacket when he visits the stock farm. He always strokes the fur the right way. And in dealing with human nature he makes allowances for conceit, arrogance and reserve, and does not disturb them when this would only defeat a nobler purpose.

Diplomacy should never be confused with mere cunning; its counterfeit. It is one thing to take an unfair advantage—another to make use of the advantage already yours—the advantage of discretion. The true diplomat is the man who has advanced more than others in the gentle art of getting along with his fellowmen.

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Murder in High Life.

On Saturday afternoon Capt. Peter Conover Hains, Jr., U. S. A., son of Brig.-Gen. Peter Conover Hains, U. S. A., retired, fired five shots of a revolver into William E. Annis of New York, owner and publisher of Burr McIntosh's Monthly and other magazines, on the landing stage of the Bayside Yacht club, Flushing, Long Island. Annis, whom Capt. Hains' brother had accused of having been improperly attentive to the Captain's wife, died in the Flushing hospital a few hours after the shooting.

Captain Hains, accompanied by his brother, Thornton J. Hains, a well known author and amateur yachtsman, met Annis at the landing and the former opened fire, Annis dodging behind another man, but Capt. Hains reached under his protector's arm and put five shots into Annis' body. Thornton J. Hains held the crowd at bay with a revolver while his brother did the work. The killing was witnessed by Mrs. Hains and a large party of fashionable men and women.

The Haines brothers were placed under arrest, Capt. Hains being charged with deliberate murder and his brother with aiding and abetting the crime. The motive for the crime is the charge backed up by a written confession signed by Mrs. Hains, that Annis had had improper relations with the Captain's wife. Mrs Hains admits she signed the confession, but says she was intoxicated at the time she affixed her signature. She states that she is innocent of any wrong doing and expresses sympathy for Mrs. Annis and her children.

All indications point to a great legal battle when the Hains brothers are tried. No attempt will be made by the defendants to escape on a plea of insanity. Capt. Hains will make his fight on the grounds of justification. T. J. Hains, though he did not do the shooting, is probably in a worse fix than his brother for he can hardly plead justification, since it was not his wife who was betrayed. No case similar to this—at least with this particular feature—could be recalled by New York lawyers.

New Train Service.

The new train service offered by the Kushequa Route between Smethport and Larabee will prove to be an accommodation to the people of Smethport and the traveling public in general. Trains leave the Kushequa station or Island Park at 10 a. m. and 5:20 p. m., stopping at the Mechanic street crossing and East Smethport to receive passengers. The morning train connects with the South bound flyer on the P. R. R. at Larabee, and the returning train takes passengers off this flyer for Smethport, enabling such passengers to make connections with the B., R. & P. for southern points along that line. The afternoon train connects with the express for Emporium and also takes passengers off the North bound P. R. R. flyer. This train, however, does not reach Larabee in time to put passengers on the northbound flyer, the P. R. R. reserving this traffic for their train which leaves East Smethport at 4:03 p. m.

More graduates of the Lock Haven State Normal School are teaching in the valley of the west branch of the Susquehanna and in the central part of the state than from all other schools combined. It is in a highly prosperous condition. The great scarcity of teachers assures splendid positions to its graduates. An early application for rooms will be necessary for those who expect to enter the Fall term beginning Sept. 7th. Write for splendid catalogue.

Two $900 Positions.

Bert Hunt and Edward Heberle, graduates of Westbrook Academy, Olean have just secured $900 positions at Washington, D. C.

Baby Born in Wreck.

A dispatch from Washington, Pa., dated Aug. 15, says:

"When da buggy loopa da loop, we was four of us riding. After we landed on da ground dere was five." This was Pietro Carnino's terse account of a runaway this afternoon that resulted in an unexpected addition to his family. Carnino is shy one eye, while the horse and buggy are among the things that were, but the Italian is so fiddled over the distinction of having a son born in a runaway that he doesn't mind such trifles.

Carnino engaged a horse and single-seated buggy at a livery in Midway this morning to drive to Sturgeon. His wife, Tony Bontano and his wife, all wedged themselves into the vehicle and rode to Moon Run, where they spent the day. Going down a steep hill, the horse was unable to hold back the overloaded buggy. Half way down it stumbled, fell and broke its neck.

The buggy described a semi-circle in the air, while the occupants made a flying leap through space and were scattered about the wreck. A broken shaft struck Carnino in the eye and gouged it out.

Men who saw the accident and hurried to the spot found that Mrs. Carnino needed the immediate attention of a physician and Dr. A. C. Stevenson of Oakdale was hurriedly summoned. A new buggy, three-seated this time, was obtained and the party, now numbering five instead of four, was driven to Midway.

Neither Mrs. Carnino nor her newborn son is apparently any the worse for the afternoon's thrilling experience.

The Work of Poisoners.

Frank Clark of Tunnlton's was in the police station this morning with a story of poisoned stock, that is enough to make one's blood boil. Near his home is a camp of Polacks, with whom he has had some trouble. About a month ago a valuable cow in a pasture was poisoned by parts green mixed with cracked corn. Last night the perpetrators of this deed again got in their work on a valuable horse in the same manner. Suspicion is directed toward the foreigners, on account of the trouble mentioned above, but so secretly was the work done that nothing is known for a certainty. Paris green is an ordinary commodity, sold for a number of purposes, so the matter of tracing up the one responsible will be a hard task.—Friday's Bradford Star.

Like Holka Hanged.

Mike Holka was hanged in the county jail at Franklin, Pa., on Tuesday morning at 10:30 o'clock for the murder of Police Captain Edward Meehan, on November 23, 1907. He mounted the scaffold without a tremor, accompanied by two priests, whom Holka told he was prepared to die. His death resulted from a broken neck.

This is the first execution that has occured in Venango county since 1868. The execution of Holka was torture for James Strail, who stands convicted of murdering his wife in Oil City and who was temporarily reprieved by the governor. The scaffold on which Holka expiated his crime was only a step from the cell occupied by Strail.

Excursion via Shawmut Line to Riverhurst and Rock City, Sunday Aug. 23.

Sunday, August 23rd, P., S. & N. will run special excursion to Rock City and Riverhurst Parks. Train leaves Smethport 11:13 a. m. Round trip fare to Riverhurst 75 cents, to Rock City $1.00.

Stenographer Wanted.

Position open for a competent male stenographer who is a good scholar. Write to "Manager," Box 66, Olean, N. Y.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

Point of Rocks, Va.,
Sept. 19, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—As my friends in the north often write me asking my opinion as to the probable length of the war, and how it is to close, and if we can conquer a peace, I propose answering through the medium of the press.

Nothing is of as much importance to the people as this question. When and how shall we obtain a permanent peace? There are a few who think the government ought to offer a compromise and obtain peace on any terms rather than continue the war for the Union. Such people have a great deal to say in favor of our "southern brethren" and a great deal to say against the administration of Mr. Lincoln. For example take the resolutions passed by the Chicago Convention. Not one word in all that bill of impeachment against Mr. Davis or the Southern Confederacy; not one word of censure for the traitors at Richmond who have brought this fearful war upon the country; not one word in favor of the brave soldiers who have so freely offered up their lives on the alter of their country. No; they can only find time and words to censure the President and cry, "peace, peace, when there is no peace." Now I confess I have no patience with such kind of people. I am not in favor of peace at the cost of national honor, beside there never can be a permanent peace in a divided country. No my friends, this is no time to talk compromises and concessions. When the rebel hordes have been dispersed, when the investigators of this most foul rebellion have been captured or punished from our land, then there is, or will be time enough to talk about peace. For my part, I cannot forget the brave fellows who lie in unmarked graves from Gettysburg to Florida. I cannot forget the many homes made desolate by southern treason. I cannot forget dear my brother, who fell in McClellan's disastrous campaign, and reaching across his bloody grave, clasp hands in friendship with his murderers. For the nation's life the father has been torn from the child, the son from the mother the husband from the wife, the brother from the sister, and the lover from the beloved and the process still continues." It has opened many fountains of anguish which the grave alone can cover. But after the hour of sacrifice is past, brighter days shall dawn on this Republic than our fathers ever dreamed of. No, friends, there never can, never will, nor never ought to be peace until the cause of the war is forever removed.

M. J. Hadley.

The 55th Regt. P. V. has been one of the most unfortunate of any in the service in its field officers—particularly the original officers. The Colonel and Lieut. Col. were too old for the military profession. The Major was not only a humbug but a coward of the first water. A friend writing from Washington, who formerly belonged to the regiment, gives us the following information in reference to the termination of the military career of this contemptible puppy: "It is a noteworthy fact that upon the very day, on which the 55th so gallantly led the charge on the rebel works on Chapin's Farm, Lieut. Col. Montgomery Martin, the miserable, cowardly sneak, who for nearly three years has skulked away from danger and duty was dishonorably dismissed from the service for absence without leave. Let us be thankful that partial justice has at last overtaken this emasculated specimen of humanity."

Mann-Warren.

At the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, this borough, on Tuesday evening, August 18, Rev. W. A. Harris spoke the words which united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Jennie B. Warren, only daughter of Mrs. Marion I. Lewis of Eldred, Pa., and Mr. Franklin D. Mann of Buffalo, N. Y.

The happy couple came to Smethport on the evening train, and immediately went before Register John B. Eastman where they procured a marriage license and were married as above stated a short time afterward. Mr. and Mrs. Mann will make their future home in Chicago.

A Fine Prospect.

The Clarion State Normal School has just purchased, at the cost of $8,000 a plot of ten acres which is to be fitted up for an athletic and recreation ground. Plans are also under way for the erection of a new $60,000 dormitory. These facts indicate the healthy condition of the school. It stands for thorough scholarship and aims to help the students make the most of themselves. A penny postal card addressed to the principal, J. George Becht, Clarion, Pa., will bring you a beautifully illustrated catalogue.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve but just one original. Nothing else just as good. Insist on DeWitt's. It is cleansing, cooling and soothing. Sold by L. R. Hogarth.

For Sale.

At market prices—ducks and chickens dressed and delivered by H. E. Spring, Hill St; next to grist mill.

Bloodless Operations.

This summer when Stanley Shepard was operated on for appendicitis and the papers reported that it was a bloodless operation much curiosity was expressed regarding the process, says the Livingston, N. Y., Republican. It is not understood how such an operation could be bloodless, but a description of the new way of conducting an appendicitis operation appeared in a Rochester paper last Sunday and it will probably interest all readers of this paper to know how it is accomplished. The article was in the nature of a dispatch from Rome, N. Y., and was as follows: The city of Rome is rapidly becoming a community of appendixless people as the result of a new bloodless method of removing the appendix, devised by Dr. William B. Reid of that city, whose fame as a surgeon is widespread. By the new method, described to-day in detail by Dr. Reid, it is possible for a person to enter his office, take a few inhalations of an anaesthetic, and emerge with the appendix in an hermetically sealed bottle as a souvenir.

Within the past four months 168 residents of Rome, some suffering from appendicitis, but the majority in perfect health, have undergone the new operation and not a case has been lost.

The elasticity of the human skin plays an important part in the operation. By inserting an instrument through the skin, similar to an old style "teasing needle," used in knitting, the pore is gradually enlarged and the skin is stretched until there is an opening the size of a half dollar coin.

The muscles over the abdomen are pulled away from on top of the appendix and the neck, usually about the size of a goose quill and from an inch to an inch and a half below the surface of the skin, is pulled out, cut off and the end tied with a linen thread.

The muscles are then replaced. It is said that less than a teaspoonful of blood is spilled in the operation.

Dr. Reid is of Scotch-Irish descent and is a native of Altmair, Oswego county, N. Y. He is a graduate of Syracuse University and later took a post graduate course in Berlin and Vienna. He is thirty-seven years old.

Fire Destroys Galeton Democrat.

A dispatch from Galeton, dated Aug. 14, says: This borough was visited by a destructive fire at 4:30 Friday morning.

The office of the Galeton Democrat, owned by A. L. Corwin, the shop repairing shop of W. J. Brotherton, former owner of the Democrat, and the borough lockup were all totally destroyed. Mr. Brotherton is the secretary of the National Protective Legion and of the order of the Maccabees. Many valuable papers, records and books belonging to these orders which he kept in his shop were lost. His personal loss was about $500 and he has an insurance of $200. Mr. Corwin's loss was about $1,500. Considerable job work that was ready for delivery, including the programs for the Wellsville Fair, was burned and considerable stock that he had just moved from his Roulette plant. On this there was no insurance. Mr. Corwin had taken the plant on a lease from Mr. Brotherton and on this there was a small amount of insurance. The press and the paper cutter and some of the machinery may be saved, but the buildings are a total loss. The fire is thought to be of incendiary origin.

To Change Game Laws.

The draft of the new game laws prepared by the Committee of Fifteen appointed by the State Sportsmen's Association is practically completed and a meeting will be held next week at Harrisburg when the laws will be finally prepared for the legislature. The new laws give sportsmen the right to appeal. Taxidermists will be required to take out a license for which they will pay $5 with a $500 bond; game raised in captivity will be allowed to be sold; no hunting will be allowed after dark; the deer season will open November 1 and close December 15; dogs are not allowed in hunting deer; dogs may be trained in fields from August 1 to January 1; the rabbit season will open November 15 instead of October 15 and the limit is placed at ten for one day; unnaturalized foreigners will be forbidden to carry firearms or own them; a dollar license will be charged all hunters, the proceeds to be used in stocking the fields and woods; nonresidents will have to pay $10 per annum.—Enterprise.

Williamsport Commercial College.

Fall term begins September first. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Preparatory school. Trial lessons free. 160 calls received for office help last year. Write for catalogue.

F. F. HEALEY, Proprietor. 2t

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C.A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Students at Edinboro Normal are surrounded by influences conducive to study. Fall term opens Sept. 8th, 1908. John F. Bigler, Prin.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Choice of Captain Ebenezer.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyright, 1905, by Clarissa Mackie.

CAPTAIN EBENEZER HOBSON washed and dried his dishes with amazing celerity. In a trice they stood in shining rows on the trim dresser, and the gaunt form of the captain was bent over his little cook stove, while his great brown hands were plying the blacking brush vigorously. When the stove shone like a mirror and the tea-kettle fairly sparkled with cleanliness, the captain swept out the kitchen and hung the broom upon its accustomed hook with a sigh of relief. He lighted his old pipe and sat down on the door step with his back against the jamb and his keen blue eyes fixed across the bay to where the ledge light shone like a large red star.

It was after sunset, and the pale pink and primrose of the afterglow were fading from the western sky.

Captain Ebenezer was lost in reverie. His blackened pipe went out all unnoticed and hung from his fingers listlessly, while the old sailor whistled softly to himself. Suddenly he slapped his knee and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ho, ho!" he chuckled. "I guess that will fetch one or t'other of 'em! Let me see. Now, the Widder Banks says, says she, 'It ain't no good for man to live alone, Cap'n Ebenezer, and, moreover, 'twint always good for wimmen, either!' Now, I wonder if Widder Banks meant I should ask Miss Phoebe to change her name!" Again the captain shook with laughter as he contemplated upon the rather complex state of his love affairs, for bluff, hearty Captain Ebenezer had tired of his long, lonesome years of widowhood and had determined to seek another companion to share his snug cottage on the beach and the proceeds of his fishing smack, the Saucy Liz.

"Now," mused the captain, "there's Miss Phoebe, as trim a little craft as ever sailed the seas. She's good natured and a good cook, and I guess she ain't afeared of the water. A sailor's wife ought to be able to sail across the bay without goin' yaller about the gills. I don't know, though, whether she'd move down to my cabin. Maybe Phoebe won't have me—I'll have to ask the widder. There ain't another woman with marry in' within twenty miles but her, the widder, I guess, and she don't count, bein' she's married already. I wonder if Phoebe likes liver. I suppose[illegible]"

Captain Ebenezer had called after Miss Phoebe Lummis for many months. That is the lady's prim reference to his elderly and chilled his ardent sailor heart, and he had changed his matrimonial course in the direction of the Widow Banks' brown house on the high hill overlooking the bay. Captain Ebenezer had made up his mind to marry, and marry he would, one or the other of the two ob-

BURST INTO A HEARTY LAUGH.

jects of his choice—whichever one would have him.

That night the wind clattered and blew restlessly from the southward. The pale sun rose on a gray-green bay whipped with white foam and on long green waves that broke on the beach with a sullen roar that was music to Captain Ebenezer's ears.

"It's pretty roughish," he muttered between the teeth clinched on his pipe, "but the Saucy Liz is as safe as a rockin' chair, and if either of them two whimmen is scared to go out in her she won't do for me." He gallantly let one great roller and stepped back as it broke with a hissing roar over his feet.

"Pretty heavy for that time, by darn 'er!" he chuckled, pulling his sou'wester squarely over his ears and turning up the shore road toward the little village which nestled between two high, protecting bluffs.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Banks," he called cheerily as the widow opened wide her hospitable door in answer to his resounding summons. "I'm goin' out to Bar Island for a mess of blues. Thought mebbe you'd enjoy the sail!"

Mrs. Banks cast a startled glance over the captain's burly shoulder toward the tossing, fumbling, whitecapped bay.

"You ain't afraid, be you?" asked the captain hopefully, edging his way toward the steps and unconsciously glancing toward a small white house half hidden among the oaks across the road.

"Of course I ain't a mite afraid, Captain Ebenezer," said Myra Banks at last. "It ain't the kind of a day I'd choose to go out for pleasure, but I'm a sailor's widder, and it ain't for me to balk before a sou'west storm. Maybe the storm I've rid out with poor Jed before he had his last sickness and"—

"Yes, yes, ma'am," interrupted Captain Ebenezer hastily. "I'll be ready to cast off in about an hour, when the tide turns, although it don't make much difference on a day like this whether we wait for tide or not."

"I'll be ready, captain," returned Myra Banks decisively. "I guess I'll take a basket and get some beach plums over to the island. I heard they was a-plenty there."

"So they be, so they be," I thought maybe I'd ask Miss Phoebe to go along, too, as company for you, ma'am."

"So, do; so do," agreed Mrs. Banks ironically as she watched the captain's

"TAKE THE HELM," COMMANDED CAPTAIN EBENEZER.

stalwart form proceeding down the path. "I believe I see Phoebe Lummis tryin' herself to the Saucy Liz for any other craft on a day like this. I guess victuals for two will be a-plenty for dinner. She looked the picture of misery within, where she lashed herself over her preparations with more trepidation than Captain Ebenezer would have believed she could display.

In the meantime the captain had rolled up the trim pair furbished with snowy clam shells with a outfitted rows of richly colored dahlias and gay, many hued asters.

"Terrible neat, Miss Phoebe," he quittered, pausing as he tiptoed before the freshly painted porch and rang the bell.

Miss Phoebe Lummis' small, exquisite person in person and delicately neat in form and features as Captain Ebenezer took in at a second look, smiled pleasingly upon the good looking sailor man.

"Come right in—I—I'm just—I'm just cheerfully, throwing open the door of her sitting parlor, where the honey suckle vines cast dancing shadows on the walls. "Do sit down while I take my cookies out of the oven. I'll be back in a jiffy."

Captain Ebenezer looked around the room approvingly. There were a gayly figured brussels carpet, a what-not containing strange seashells and curiosities from foreign lands, great ragged branches of coral flanking the fireplace and comfortable old fashioned chairs. There were geraniums in the front windows and a canary singing in an adjoining room. Many a long winter evening had the captain played cribbage with Miss Lummis and quaffed a drink of sweet cider and munched to wash down the delicately crisp cookies and deep doughnuts that she offered for his refreshment. In spite of this entertainment the captain stood in wholesome fear of Miss Phoebe, who spoke what she thought in brief terms, and it was the fear of getting the right about from Miss Phoebe that deterred the captain from uttering the words of affection that so often trembled on his lips.

"It's a dreadful day on the water," began Miss Phoebe when she had reappeared and seated herself opposite the captain. "I don't know who'd want to be out on a day like this."

"I'm goin' out myself," ventured the latter, tucking his sou'wester in his pocket as he spoke, "and I came in to say that I'd like to have you go out with me in the Saucy Liz. There's a good fresh wind, and it won't hurt you none."

"Never!" returned Miss Lummis decidedly. "I'd be seasick the minute I got aboard. I ain't no sailor, Captain Ebenezer, so you'll sail without me this time!" She smiled pleasantly upon the discomfited sailor.

"The Widder Banks is goin' along to get beach plums on the island, and I thought mebbe you'd be company for one another. You ain't a good sailor, then, ma'am?" Captain Ebenezer's voice expressed poignant anxiety as he ventured this question.

"Not a bit. I like a sail on a smooth sea, but no sou'westers for me, captain. You ask me some time when it isn't rough and I'll go with you glad."

"You wouldn't—you wouldn't—oh—easy there!" Captain Ebenezer thrust a hand inside the collar of his flannel shirt and jerked it fearfully. With sudden exasperation he jumped to his feet and extended one hand pleadingly. "You wouldn't marry me, Miss Phoebe, would you?" he shouted desperately.

Miss Phoebe's tinkling laugh died away as a pink flush rose to her delicate cheeks. "I might if you asked me, captain," she said demurely.

"I thought mebbe you wouldn't want to leave this pretty house of yours, Phoebe," said the captain tenderly as later he occupied a place on the sofa beside his fiancee.

"I figured," began Miss Phoebe dreamily, and then she stopped, with a sudden shocked expression in her mild eyes—"I mean," she went on hastily, "I should think we could move this house right down the bluff and fasten it on to your cabin, you know."

"Surest way, my hearty!" sang Captain Ebenezer blithely. "And now"—

"You better be going along, captain," interrupted Miss Phoebe briskly. "I see the widder going down the road, and you don't want to keep her waiting."

Captain Ebenezer stifled, aghast. He had forgotten the Widow Banks and the proposed trip to Bar Island.

"I'm an engaged man now, Phoebe," he said, mopping his forehead and looking at her out of troubled eyes.

"Oh, go along, Ebenezer, do!" she said, with playful impatience. "I ain't a mite jealous. You wasn't engaged when you asked her to go. Bring me a mess of blues, and you can come to tea and eat 'em."

Captain Ebenezer's blissful smile faded from his face as he proceeded down the road to the beach, where he could see the red knitted jacket of Myra Banks moving toward the landing where the Saucy Liz dragged at her anchor. What the Widow Banks might expect from him as a result of this marked attention he could not, dared not, imagine. If he had only gone to Miss Phoebe's first! He tried to recall if he had ever uttered a remark to the loch witted widow which might have committed bimbo any way to an avowal of love. There was none that he could remember. He had been very wary indeed.

"Here I be awaitin' for you," began Myra Banks playfully as she deposited a heavy basket on the landing. "I expect we'll have to get up all the victuals we've got into the planks in the basket. Where's Phoebe?"

"Phoebe—Miss Phoebe ain't a-comin'. She thinks it's too rough for her," explained Captain Ebenezer, hobbling under the lee wing of the widow. "Now, Mrs. Banks, just step into the cuddy your own self in the middle shanty. It will be more comfortable so." With something nearly like captain took his place in the rocking boat, and with a few quick, long strokes brought them to the side of the Saucy Liz.

It is needless to record this voyage over the rolling seas, for neither one of the occupants of the sloop cared to remember the hopelessness of that day. To the widow it was one long, tumultuous period of terror. To Captain Ebenezer it was a dark and gloomy passage. The successful outcome of his wooing was counteracted almost by the fear of what the widow might expect from his marked attentions in the past. He trailed his lines and failed to notice the fact that Myra Banks was deeply engaged on the lee beach of the quiet cove.

The widow labored along on Captain Ebenezer's sturdy arm, pale and drawn and while Myra Banks languidly disposed the contents of the lunch basket, which the captain attacked while a light cloud with the widow seemed to be revolving some weighty matter within her mind apparently the right excuse her want of appetite after the bracing voyage.

"I'll help you get your things, Mrs. Banks," said the captain, looking kindly upon the pallid face and dishevelled hair of his guest.

Myra Banks turned a gloomy eye upon her, first and then looked back over the tossing sea of green water and shuddered.

"I guess it was a little too rough," ventured Captain Ebenezer uneasily. The continued silence of the Widow Banks was disconcerting and somewhat alarming.

Suddenly the pent up wrath of Myra Banks found vent, and she shook quivering fingers in the air before the astonished visage of the captain.

"Rough, indeed! And what do you mean by a-askin' me'll wimmen off on a voyage like this, a-temptin' them with"—

"She—she—Mrs. Banks," expostulated the captain indignantly. "Whatever do you mean? I didn't hold out no temptations when I asked you to go. I jes' asked you to go—that was all!"

"I want to go home," retorted Mrs. Banks bitterly in reply to the captain's last remarks, and home they went, beating before the wind, mounting green heights of water and diving into valleys flecked with foam. While the captain was dropping his anchor Myra Banks looked fiercely about the harbor at the flying smacks, the high wooded bluffs and around the deck of the Saucy Liz, and yet she said never a word.

Silently she accompanied Captain Ebenezer ashore, and sullenly she parted from him, and then, just as he turned away from her, dangling a string of fish in his hand, she called him.

"Captain Ebenezer Hobson!"

"Yes," he shouted back cheerily.

"I wouldn't marry a seafarin' man for anything, so there ain't no need for you to come a-callin' any more!" She faced about and plodded up the road toward home.

"Thank the Lord!" murmured Captain Ebenezer piously as he turned into the clam shell bordered path between the dahlias.

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DeWitt's Little Early Risers, safe, easy, pleasant, sure, little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Brevities

THE HALL OF FAME.

The Duke of Portland has the largest private picture gallery in the world.

Lieutenant Colonel Hodges, recently appointed a member of the Isthmian canal commission to succeed Jackson S. Smith, will take charge of the work for lock designing.

Judge L. P. Parker, Jr., of Vinita, Okla., who was recently appointed assistant attorney general in charge of land litigation in Oklahoma, has resigned on account of ill health.

President Roosevelt has appointed John C. O'Laughlin of Washington as secretary to the American commission to the Japanese exposition at Tokyo in 1912. His salary will be $5,000 a year.

Yi Kuyin Wellington Koo, a Chinese student, has been elected editor in chief of the Spectator, Columbia university's daily publication. He has been connected with the paper two years.

Sylvester Adams of North Stoneham, Me., who is seventy-five years old, shot a bear recently. He dragged the bear three miles up the mountain in places where he had to take off his shoes to keep his feet it was so slippery.

The stump of an old oak tree near the Springfield reservoir in Ludlow, Mass., was the meeting place the other day of two of four "boys" who, fifty years ago, agreed to meet again at the chosen spot at this time. The two "boys" are Homer King of Worcester and Arthur King of Ludlow.

T. P. O'Connor was presented with his portrait in oils at Leeds recently by the Irish League of Great Britain in commemoration of his unbroken presidency of the league for twenty-five years. John E. Redmond made the presentation and paid a tribute to Mr. O'Connor as a safe, consistent and courageous guide for the Irish people in Great Britain.

Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor, has severed his connection with the Paris Opera House. De Reszke was ambitious for years to have a voice in the engagement of the opera house, and was finally taken in last year as assistant director, during which time his advice was ignored and his authority given him he resigned in disgust.

Modes of the Moment.

The voiles, both cotton and silk, make up into excellent waists and the sort made from linen are very dressy, cool and chic.

The pongee waist is a necessity of the summer wardrobe. Not only is it an ideal traveling waist, but it is very good as a dress waist.

The perfectly plain waists have been put aside this season for the waists that are in two or three colors. Cream waists, all in strips of black and gold, are worn with skirts of that yellow or cream.

It is a season of wide contrasts in materials. Taffeta was a triumph with elaborately flounced walsts of Oxford gray, trade up with strips of band embroidery set in panel shapes down the front.—Brooklyn Eagle.

New York City.

The assessed valuation of land in the boroughs within New York City has more than doubled during the ten years of consolidation.

New York city has one public park that is 250 years old, and that is Bowling Green, which was the play ground of the first Dutch settlers.

According to the opinion of a foreign traveler who has visited all parts of the earth, civilized and uncivilized, Coney Island is the brightest spot at night that the world knows.

Manhattan's postoffice has larger receipts than any other postoffice in the world for the amount of territory covered. The receipts promise to amount to more than $18,000,000 this year.—New York Herald.

Long Bridges.

The Tay bridge in Scotland is the longest in the world, measuring 10,780 feet.

The famous old Brooklyn bridge is 6,000 feet long and 138 feet above the water.

At present the Victoria bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal is the longest bridge in America. It is 9,184 feet in length and stands sixty feet above the river.

American railroad bridges are considered the marvels of the world, and New York city will have when it spans the Hudson with its two new structures the most expensive, the longest and the most remarkable bridges in the world.—New York Tribune.

Plays and Players.

Margaret Wycherley is leading lady of a stock company in Providence.

Bruce McRae is to be leading man with Ethel Barrymore in "Lady Frederick."

Henry Arthur Jones' forthcoming production of his new plays to take place in this country.

"The County Chairman," "The Sultan of Sulu" and "The Sho-Gun" are to be produced in London.

Billie Burke will star in "Love Watchers" in this country next season and the following year will produce the play in London.

Does your back ache? Do you have sharp pains in the side and the small of the back? This is due, usually, to kidney trouble. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They will promptly relieve weak back, backache, rheumatic pains and all Kidney and Bladder disorders. Sold and recommended by L. K. Hogarth

DIDN'T NEED IT.

Why a Scotch Farmer Refused a Portion of Dessert.

Could the funny sayings and incidents at the tenants' dinners in Scotland be collected they would make an unrivaled book of humor. Mishaps of amusing and sometimes embarrassing nature occur frequently at such functions. One story is told of a guest at a Scottish tenants' dinner who tasted ice cream for the first time on that occasion. He pushed a large spoonful of the frozen mixture into his mouth and jumped from his chair with agony expressed on his face. He let out a yell and cried out, "Ow, ow, ma rotten tooth!" and could not be induced to eat any more.

At another Scottish affair of the kind a good old farmer was seated next to the hostess. She served him a bit of savory omelet, which seemed to cause the old man deep disappointment. His idea of an omelet had always been a dessert with sugar or fruit or jams, and after tasting the sample before him he turned to the hostess and said, "Weel, ma lady, I canna compliment you on your pudding's."

The late Duke of Rutland told a story of a tenant at one of the farmers' dinners on his estates who was asked by the duchess if he would take some rhubarb, a dish she was fond of. The farmer was surprised, but answered politely, "I'm muckle obleeged to your grace, but I dinna need it."

FINDINGS NOT KEEPINGS.

Lost Articles Are Always Crying Out For Their Owners.

When one is on the public thoroughfare or in the street car or train or boat and picks up an object that is valuable, is it his?

True, he may find something which is too small and trifling to warrant searching to find the owner, such as a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, etc. But when he finds something of value it is not his until he has done everything in his power to find the owner.

The street railways and trains are so systematized today that if, when one finds an object of value, he returns it to the company's representative it is almost sure to catch up with its owner. Every person of intelligence knows that the first place to inquire for it is at the lost and found department.

When, however, one is on the street and finds something which he does not himself, he would very much like to have returned, there are the columns of a newspaper in which to advertise.

If he fails to find the owner after this then he conscientiously can do as his own sight have a clear conscience, but if he avoids looking over the lost and found columns and fails to do his part he is little better than the finder who keeps the article as dishonestly as if he took the goods.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Serious For Once.

An army captain on returning home from India brought with him a goodly stock of souvenirs. Among them was a pair of laughing jackasses, which he intrusted to one of the sailors, Tom Pinch.

Alas! The unaccustomed shipboard life did not agree with the creatures, and in spite of all Tom's care they pined and finally died.

When he discovered the catastrophe, Tom was in despair.

"I daren't tell the captain!"

"Don't shirk it, mate," said his pal. "Break it to him gently. You'll find it'll be all right."

The advice seemed stupid, and Tom sought the gallant captain.

"Sense me, sir," he said, "you know them things below—what you call 'em—jackasses? Well, sir, they ain't got nuffin to part at this morning."—London Scraps.

His Choice of Weapons.

M. Victor Noir, an illiterate bully of the time of the second empire, for no real reason whatever sent a French statesman a challenge to fight a duel.

Noir was a densely ignorant man, and nearly every word in the challenge was misspelled. The statesman responded with the following letter: "Dear Sir You have called me out without any good reasons. I have therefore the choice of weapons. I choose the spelling book, and you are a dead man." The duel was never fought.

Counting It Up.

There is a son of Erin in Newton, Mass., who is quite a character. He has a number of children and was asked one day how long he had been married. "Well," he said, "there's Eugene is forty and Norah thirty-five; that makes sixty-five, and Lizzie is thirty-two, and how many do that make?"

The Wise One.

Thin Boarder—I don't see how you manage to fare so well at this boarding house. I have industriously courted the landlady and all her daughters, but I'm half starved. Fat Boarder—I courted the cook.—Kansas City Independent.

Arrangements Complete.

"Arrangements for the wedding are all complete."

"Everything attended to?"

"Yes; we have even made a deal with a photographer to have a camera smashed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Cards Are Out.

"Ysobel, do you think you could learn to love me?"

"Learn to love you? Oh, Reginald, I could give lessons in loving you."—St. Louis Republic.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.—Shakespeare.

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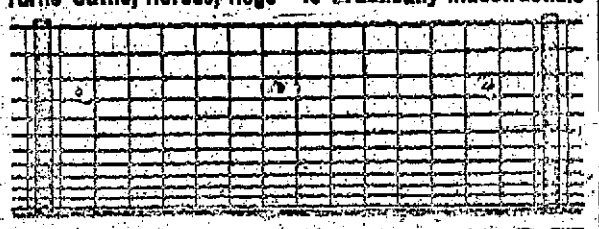

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 20, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Be sure and come to the Fair and Races.

—The Horse Traders' Convention was held in Port Allegany last week.

—The Rev. T. D. Miller of Erie, Pa., will officiate at St—Luke's church on next Sunday, Aug. 23rd. Services at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Services at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—A widower, who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride herself had been married once before, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations "I am sure to come, this is no amateur performance."

—The W. A. McDowell store and stock of general merchandise in Ceres, N. Y., was sold on Saturday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Lyman Deming of Burtville, Pa., who will take possession in about ten days. Jay Blauvelt of Burtville will assist in the store management.

—The sheriff of Venango county is receiving many applications from morbidly disposed persons to witness the forthcoming hanging in the Franklin jail of the murderer, Meakley Hoban. People who delight in all human failings pur to death have queer qualities of mind and temperament.

—In a quarrel Saturday night about Erie laborers on a job near Salamanca, Adam Galajiesch, a Hungarian boarding boss, was shot through the neck and killed. The man who did the shooting is still at large, though officers are hunting for him. Three Hungarians are held in the village jail as witnesses to the affair. The dead man's companions fled after the shooting and Deputy Sheriff Harry Burton in taking one who refused to surrender, fired at and wounded him.

—James Winkler who disappeared from his home at Wetmore fifteen days ago and who returned home yesterday afternoon tells a wierd tale of his wanderings. He got lost in the woods and after wandering about for two or three days came to a wood choppers camp, where he was taken in and fed. He then started to go home, but lost his way again and wandered about in the woods subsisting on berries. He is in a very weak condition from his hardships. Its a wonder he did not die from exposure.—Kane Republican.

—Do you know that you can write your name on the metal of your farm implements? You can. Just take a little tallow or beeswax, melt it and spread it over the place on which you want your name; write your name down through the wax with a big needle or awl and pour a few drops of nitric acid over the letters you have made. Then wipe off the wax and your name will be on the iron.

—A story is told of a resident of Ohio who rode into Meadville the other day in an auto without a Pennsylvania license. His sole mission as it afterwards developed was to place a $30,000 order with one of the local manufacturing concerns, but the police gathered him in and he had to pay the fine which he did with great relief for home without placing the order. The manufacturer and the city officials are said to have offered to refund the fine, but his wrath would not be appeased and so the $30,000 will probably go elsewhere.

—Railroad Detective Barnes arrested Terry Edwards of the late train up from Olean, last night, on charge of trying to beat his way. Barnes said that he warned Terry not to get on at Olean but Terry didn't mind him and he took him in charge. A couple of Terry's friends took exceptions to the arrest and tendered the fare to the conductor, but at Barnes' request, it was refused, and the train stopped at Portville where the two got off and where Terry had a hearing before. The friends of Terry objected to the treatment and threatened to take the matter up with the officials of the road. Terry was sentenced to $15 fine or 30 days in jail. Friends here are raising the amount necessary to release him.—Eldred Era.

The little attacks of stomach troubles and stomach disorders will undoubtedly lead to chronic dyspepsia unless you take something for a sufficient time to strengthen the stomach and give it a chance to get well. If you take Kodol in the beginning the bad attacks of Dyspepsia will be avoided, but if you allow these little attacks to go unheeded it will take Kodol a longer time to put your stomach in good condition again. Get a bottle of Kodol to-day. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Summer complaints and other serious ailments common in hot weather can be traced to the stomach nine times out of ten. Keep the stomach in good order right now by keeping a bottle of Kodol handy in the house all the time, but especially during this month. Take Kodol whenever you feel that you need it. That is the only time you need to take Kodol. Just when you need it; then you will not be troubled with sour stomach, belching, gas on the stomach, bloating, dyspepsia and indigestion. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

"The Blood is The Life."

Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also clouded, the mind and judgement are affected, and many an evil deed or impure thought can be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It enriches and purifies the blood, thereby curing, pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

In the cure of scrofulous swellings, enlarged glands, open eating ulcers, or old sores, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has performed the most marvelous cures. In cases of old sores, or open eating ulcers, it is well to apply to the open sores Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve, which possesses wonderful healing potency when used as an application to the sores in conjunction with the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" as a blood cleansing constitutional treatment. If your druggist don't happen to have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock, you can easily procure it by inclosing fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post. Most druggists keep it as well as the "Golden Medical Discovery."

You can't afford to accept any medicine of *johnnycake composition* as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of KNOWN composition, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, the same being attested as correct, under oath.

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Penance For Discourtesy.

Nicholas I., czar of Russia, was the type of an absolute aristocrat. The succession of terrible wars which clouded his reign did not tend to soften his disposition or to render him less imperious. But, rough and harsh as he was, Nicholas had a measure of chivalry in his disposition. He would not tolerate under any circumstances an insult offered to a woman. As the czar was driving through the streets of St. Petersburg he caught sight of an officer of his household in the act of upsetting an old beggar woman whose hands were raised in a prayer for alms. The official was quite unmindful of the angry witness of his act and was rather pleased when a few hours later he was summoned to the imperial presence. Nicholas soundly cudgeled him and in the presence of a dozen courtiers cut him to the quick with bitter sarcasm.

"Though," said Nicholas finally, "you will walk up and down that corridor all night, and every time you turn you will say in a loud voice: 'I am a puppy! I am a puppy!'"

Carried Out Instructions.

Every sailor has his story of the mistakes which landlubbers make over the names of things at sea, which always seem to be exactly the opposite of what they are on land.

A new boy had come on board a West India ship, upon which a painter had also been employed to paint the ship's side. The painter was at work upon a staging suspended under the ship's stern.

The captain, who had just got into a boat alongside, called out to the new boy, who stood leaning over the rail, "Let go the painter!"

Everybody should know that a boat's painter is the rope which makes it fast, but this boy did not know it. He ran aft and let go the ropes by which the painter's staging was held. Meantime the captain was wearied with waiting to be cast off.

"You rascal!" he called. "Why don't you let go the painter?"

"He's gone, sir," said the boy briskly. "He's gone—pots, brushes and all!"—London Standard.

She Wanted to Know.

A little woman with Milton carpet floral designs on her hat came into the uptown Pennsylvania ticket office the other day and bought a ticket for a point down the state.

She gathered up her ticket and asked for a little folder because it had a picture of it in colors of a girl waving goodby to somebody from the end of a train. Then she placed her ticket in her purse and the purse inside a little satchel and put the satchel inside her shopping bag, which she carried in a small suitcase traveling fair. Just before she started out she inquired of City Passenger Agent Dillon, who had been waiting on her, "How long before my train starts?"

"You'll just about have time to make it," Dillon told her. "It leaves the Union station in about seventeen minutes."

"Seventeen minutes," she repeated, "and is that by central time or eastern time?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only One Alternative.

A cynic was quilling at the extravagant attentions that are lavished by the rich upon pet dogs. He spoke of the canine operations for appendicitis, the canine tooth crownings, the canine wardrobes, that occur in New York, and then he said:

"How servants hate these pampered curs! At a house where I was calling one warm day the fat and pompous butler entered the drawing room and said:

"'Did you ring, madam?'

"'Yes, Harrison. I wish you to take Fido out walking for two hours.'

"Harrison frowned slightly. 'But Fido won't follow me, madam,' he said.

"'Then, Harrison, you must follow Fido.'"

Leaving Home.

I would give a few words of encouragement to any young man who may hesitate about leaving home. There is nothing in the world so good for a man, say, between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age, especially if unmarried, as a visit to distant countries, to learn other tongues, to see new sights and to experience strings of ventures, such as he may readily encounter by throwing aside the restrictions of home life and taking up work abroad.—Frederic Shelford, B. Sc., in Engineer.

Point Not Well Taken.

"I observe," said the editor of the magazine, looking over the manuscript that had been submitted to him by the aspiring author thereof, "that you have used the phrase 'one hours.' How can there be such a thing as a 'one hour?'"

"Why not?" demanded the other. "There is such a thing as a spare moment, isn't there?"—Chicago Tribune.

Good Advice.

Never marry the widow to "thanks, fellers." Send that element, "I would be stuck on your daughter if you weren't money, but as you belong without a man." Go to college, marry for title and see the different wedding. "I would bestow my daughter upon a man without title, but not upon title without a man."—New York Press.

Willing to Help.

Tramp—Can you assist me along the road, mum? Lady of the House—Personally I cannot, but I will unchain my dog, and I know he will be most pleased to do so.

Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy.—Beecher.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not grip or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For prospective teachers Edinboro Normal is one of the best training schools. Fall term opens Sept. 8, 1903. Catalogue free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

The Pig and His Cane.

In the number of the Tatler for Oct. 8, 1709, it is observed that "a cane is part of the dress of a pig" (this, by the way, shows the erroneous notion prevalent that "priggishness" is a modern word) "and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it or be esteemed really and not genteelly a cripple."

In the number of Nov. 18 a rural squire in town is sketched who is the prototype of one of the pavement nuisances: "His arms naturally swung at an unreasonable distance from his sides, which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for any one to walk within several yards of him."

And under date of Dec. 5 there is an amusing sketch of "a lively, fresh colored young man" who was among the applicants to Isaac Bickerstaff's court of censorship for license to use "canes, perspective glasses, snuff boxes, orange flower waters and the like ornaments of life." This young man had his cane hanging on his fifth button and was "an Oxford scholar who was just entered at the temple."

A Wedding Superstition.

It has been considered unlucky to be married in May ever since the days of Ovid, and those people who have spent their time in looking up roots and reasons have given what they consider to be the origin of the superstition as follows:

In ancient Rome there was held in May a festival called the Lemuria, or feast of the Lemures, which was a ceremony in honor of the spectres of departed souls. It became with the Romans what we should call "bad form" to have matrimonial feasts at the season of a solemn ritual, being no doubt thought to be an insult to the dead to marry at such a time. From this a number of stories grew of the revenge made by the outraged ghosts upon those who dared to disregard them, and if anything unfortunate happened to a couple who had been married in May it would, of course, have been put down to retribution. So the [illegible] of ill luck arose, and its influence has lasted even since, even to our time.

Towed by a Halibut.

About the mouths of the streams or which salmon canips are situated the Indian dogs and children amuse themselves catching the fish. Some of the youngsters are so small that after they have succeeded in catching a fish the combined efforts of the party are often required to disgorge it and carry it to camp. I have watched dogs running about in a state of excitement at the salmon and apparently bothering the fishermen there.

"One of the most amusing sights that I saw during my stay in Alaska was two Indian boys being towed about the harbor at Kadiak by a huge halibut they had just hooked. Utterly unable to land the fish, they had fastened the line to the stern of the boat, and while they pulled with all their might, each one at an oar, they railed each other for not exerting more strength and shouted loudly for help. Finally an Indian put out in a boat and the fish was landed.—Forest and Stream.

Bewildering France.

There are in France two Bordeaux, the one in the Gironde and the other in the Loiret. There are two Toulouses, the old town in the Haute-Garonne and Toulouse du Jura, a village with 600 inhabitants, near Lons-le-Saunier. There is Tours in Touraine, Balzac's Tours in the Indre-et-Loire and Tours, a village in Savoy, near Albertville. There are seven St. Cyrs—simple St. Cyrs, that is, and twenty-four with something tacked on to them; seven St. Denises and forty-seven with some addition, fourteen St. Germains and 114 with something tacked on.

Great Lovers of Water.

The Siamese are more devoted to the water than any other nation in the world. They are nearly always bathing, generally with their clothes on, and they never go anywhere by land if they can possibly go by water. The streets of Bangkok are like those of Venice, and the inhabitants say that their idea of paradise would be a town with canals where there were currents in both directions, so that they might be spared the effort of rowing.

The Sorrow of It.

"It's too bad," observed the man who seemed to be thinking aloud.

"What's too bad?" queried the party who had overheard the observation.

"That our neighbors always know when we have fried onions for supper but never get next when we have strawberries and ice cream," explained the noisy thinker.—Chicago News.

The Weather.

"Do you think there is any reliable way of foretelling the weather?"

"Yep," answered Farmer Corntos-sel. "Just think of the kind you don't want and then prophesy it."—Washington Star.

Full of It.

Mrs. Caterby—In a short time now we will do all our hunting by alcohol.

Caterby—That's good. All we'll have to do will be to connect your Uncle Jake to the furnace and range.—Life.

Foolish Question.

"Why, my boy, did you fall in that open coal hole?"

"No; course not. I wuz in here, an' they built a pavement over me."—Illustrated Bits.

By the streets of "by and by" one arrives at the house of "never."—Cervantes.

Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Riding a Camel In the Desert.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, was the guest of a rich Hamburg merchant. The merchant's son, a young man of a somewhat sentimental temperament, said among other things that his dearest wish was to ride across the desert on the back of a camel. He thought such a ride must be very poetical indeed.

"My dear young friend," replied the explorer, "I can tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel on the deserts of Africa is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible and put it on a wagon without any springs. Then seat yourself on the stool and have it driven over rocky and uneven ground during the hottest weather of July or August and after you have not had anything to eat or drink for twenty-four hours, and then you will get a faint idea of how delightfully poetic it is to ride on a camel in the wilds of Africa."

He Gave Her a Present.

When I was a young man Lady Jersey was one of the leaders of fashion, and her house was the resort of politicians and others. With her lived her daughter, Lady Clementine Villiers, a handsome and clever girl. The custom had been established that all friends should give the latter a present on her birthday, and these presents were set out in an antechamber. Among these friends was Lord Brougham, then an old man. He called on a birthday, but had forgotten what the occasion was, and had brought no present. Seeing a mass of presents laid out, he seized one of them and took it in as his present, rightly counting that the young lady would not remember that it was one that already had been given to her. And very proud he was of his presence of mind. But, then, he was an ex-lord chancellor.—London Truth.

Many Languages of Mexico.

During the fiesta of Christmas or the week of All Souls and All Saints, when the Indians swarm down from the mountains with their holiday wares for sale, visitors in the City of Mexico may notice the strange language that the venders use in addressing each other. Even when they turn to serve the purchaser their Spanish is neither Castilian nor Mexican, but is frequently broken by peculiar syllables and accents. This is merely an illustration of the fact that the Indian languages of old Mexico have not been entirely submerged by the conquering Spanish, and in some of the most remote districts of the republic various and distinct languages handed down from the pre-Columbian era are still spoken in their pristine purity by many tribe members.—Mexican Herald.

Easy House Moving.

House moving is an easy task among the Lakas, a tribe living near the Lagoon river, in the French Kongo, Africa. This tribe, which is one of the most superb examples of the savage black race, lives in conical shaped huts constructed of plaits of tough straw. When a change in location is decreed both the women and the men put their shoulders to the task and carry the roofs of their homes to the new site, sometimes many miles distant. The circular walls of the huts are rebuilt.

Who Whips?

The clergyman's little son was telling the small son of a parishioner of the dreadful habits which he and his sister indulged in.

"You don't mean to say that ministers' children fight?" replied the horrified little layman.

"Oh, yes."

"Who whips?"

"Mamma."—Exchange.

A Sure Test.

The schoolmaster put to his class the question: "Two jars of gas, one containing nitrogen and one carbon dioxide, are given. How may the gases be discriminated?"

One eager little pupil said: "Get a man, and let him take a deep breath of both. When he gets the carbon dioxide he'll die. That's the way to tell."

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank

of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, The Miner, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM

AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule.—Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday August 20, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Somerset

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HAGGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY &c.
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, &c.
JOHN E. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, &c.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY E. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETTIBONE
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

The retirement of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans from the navy on Tuesday last, on account of age, has been in the service of the United States Navy for 48 years. He is one of the greatest fighting naval officers that the United States has ever had.

The next international affair which will demand the attention of the United States will be the annexation of Cuba. As understood when the United States found it necessary to "intervene" in the internal affairs of this Republic's protege, the United States troops will be withdrawn when the elections in Cuba shall have shown that the government is safe without further fear of revolution.

The Baltimore Sun, one of the leading Democratic newspapers of the South, has declared for Taft and Sherman, for the very good reason, that it knows the welfare of the country would be greatly endangered if Bryan and Kern were elected. When a lifelong Democratic news paper like the Sun goes back on its party candidates it is pretty safe to say that the Democratic ticket is a dangerous one for any man to vote.

Independence on 20 cents was the promise held out by President Roosevelt on Monday to the leader of the majority party in the Filipino assembly, Senor Manuel Quezon. The majority leader expressed himself as delighted with the President's assurance and said that the Filipinos would have their political freedom greatly advanced two years hence, according to pre-arrangements. The Senor visit of the President through an arrangement made by Judge Taft.

Republican campaign headquarters were opened in Chicago Saturday and will serve as a center for the Taft and Sherman campaign in the central west. It is expected that a general conference will be held there shortly to outline campaign plans. Preparations are now going forward for a poll of voters of each state, giving necessary data as to the nativity, religion, politics and other important facts in relation to every man. The system to be followed in gathering this information was adopted at the Colorado Springs conference, and is based upon a method that has been employed for several years in Nebraska by William Hayward, chairman of the Republican State committee. Mr. Hitchcock places great dependence upon this character of information.

Another race war has been going on at Springfield, Ill., for nearly a week. The outbreak was started last Friday by two negroes who criminally assaulted a white woman. The negroes were arrested and a mob formed to take them from the jail and lynch them, but the officers outwitted the mob and spirited the prisoners away. The mob then sought revenge on a white man who assisted in getting the prisoner out of town in his auto, by demolishing it as well as his restaurant. So incensed was the mob that they afterward raided several negro resorts and riots followed thick and fast. The state militia was called out and were kept busy until yesterday quelling the disturbances, when some of the troops were withdrawn. However, this morning's dispatches indicate that the withdrawal was premature, as the conditions are still far from satisfactory. Thus far seven persons have been killed, several others injured, and much property has been destroyed.

Captain Hains waited until he had ample time to think over his domestic troubles. Then accompanied and reinforced by his brother, who appears to have been active in the affairs as a mediator, proceeded deliberately, last Saturday, without giving his victim a moment's warning, to shoot him down, while the brother prevented others from interfering to stay the assassin's hand. Divorce proceeding were pending to dispose of the situation that had developed and it was clearly the duty of Capt. Hains to have permitted the law to take its course. But he did nothing of that sort. He concluded to make a reputation for himself and put his victim to death in a cowardly and brutal manner. He deserves neither sympathy nor leniency—even if he is a military swell. The brainstorms and unwritten laws of notoriety-seeking murderers are entirely too numerous in the United States of late. More honest convictions in accordance with the old, written law are needed.—Bradford Era.

Attacks on girls are becoming startlingly frequent in parts of Allegheny county. On Saturday one was attacked by boys while on her parents were camping near Coursin station. One of them was knocked down and held by a man who was attracted by the girl's screams. This is the sort of a crime for which negroes are lynched in the South. It was because of such an attack which succeeded that history is being made at Springfield, Ill., and the mob made no especial attempt to find the actual criminals, but satisfied itself by attacking persons of their race and color and white persons who attempted to protect the innocents. The severest punishment permitted by the statutes should be visited on brutes found guilty of such crimes, not merely as a warning to others evilly disposed, but that there may be no excuse for adopting other than lawful methods for ending this form of crime. If the statutes are not sufficiently severe the Legislature should be appealed to to make them so.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

If we may judge from what we see in the Democratic papers, the paramount issue for Mr. Bryan this year is his own individual self, says the Pittsburg Gazette Times. Not only does the partisan press touch upon the "third party" business every day, but much of the talk from his headquarters and in his organs is on the same palpitating subject. Mr. Bryan recently received a delegation of visiting farmers with undisguised warmth because, coming on the train, they had taken up a collection of $50 to help the people rule. Then there is Mr. Bryan's Commoner, now sailing under false colors in the keeping of his brother Charles W., which makes a specialty of acknowledging contributions of $1 and $2 from misguided followers of the Democratic candidate, while out in Indiana a Thirty-Cent League has been organized by the faithful. Contributions are limited to 30 cents and the story goes that within an hour the formidable sum of $30 was raised in 30-cent doses and at once forwarded to the national committee. In Oklahoma the newspapers are offering prizes to the person who will bring in the most dollar campaign subscriptions. In Pittsburg a Bryan organ has been offering to acknowledge all subscriptions of whatever denominations, but as yet its columns have not been adorned with a list of contributors. And so the merry collection goes on. Anything, no matter what, to meet Mr. Bryan's demand for a sight of the coin before he gets fairly into the battle. Meanwhile was there another—in the perennial one's order that not over $10,000 should be received from any one individual? Was that intended to save his own sacred pile of Yoki from theorists? He could spare several times $10,000 and still be better off than when he first burst into the game 12 years ago; but William J. is a thrifty person and he isn't going to take any even hazardous financial risk to win even the presidency. Imagine a Jefferson, a Jackson, a Cleveland, Lincoln, McKinley or Taft going before the American people and begging them to put up $1 a head to help make him president! In the whole history of American politics we never have had anything quite as raw and cheap as this.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pinoles for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pinoles at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to [illegible]

A New Explosive.

Stronger than nitro-glycerine, easier handled and absolutely safe are the claims made for a new explosive, discovered by C. E. Buck of Coudersport. This new explosive will be demonstrated to a party of Coudersport men Monday, who, if the compound does the work that is expected of it, will invest their money and erect a factory for its manufacture and put the same on the market. Mr. Buck says that he has taken the compound, put it in a stove, and set fire to it, placed it in a mould and fired a steel-clad bullet through it, thrown it around with impunity, and then put a detonating cap in contact with it and set it off, the force and power being terrific, even after it had been thrown into water and had the various safety tests made with it.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Besides its excellent reputation in advancing students along intellectual lines, the Lock Haven State Normal School is unsurpassed for its splendid advantages. Its large student body is handled as if it were a family and the welfare of each one is considered. It has a fine location and is well equipped. Address the Principal for for an illustrated catalogue.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf Mrs. Carrie Clark.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles relives pain, soothes, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy buggies, wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

James Cusick.

Two Bargains in McKean County Dairy Farms.

No. 205. The Edwards farm of sixty-nine acres, located two and one-half miles from Rixford and seven miles from Smethport, Pa., on main road. Land is smooth, some timber, watered by springs and creek, large orchard. Forty-four acres cleared, twenty-five acres in pasture. Two old country houses, one with eight rooms and one with nine rooms, large new barn with basement. Oil and gas right included. Producing wells on two sides. This property will be sold for $1600. Terms one-half cash, mortgage for balance.

No. 201. Productive farm of 280 acres, located 4½ miles from Eldred, Pa., in McKean county, 180 cleared, 60 acres beech, maple and hemlock timber, balance pasture. Watered by creek and springs. Good wire and board fences. Orchard of 2 acres, some peaches, plums and cherries. House of 14 rooms, fine repair, good cellar, insured for $1000. Four good barns and granary, water at house and barn. Mile to school, 2 miles to cheese factory, 3½ miles to railroad station. There is a splendid pasture on this farm, money making and a great bargain at the price, only $5,000. Terms $2,000 cash, balance payable on a year and interest.

We have 50 farms for sale. Send for our free list.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

I will pick up all of your empty barrels every Monday and pay cash. Save them for me.

I want to clear out what Hemlock and Hardwood Lumber I have and will sell cheap for cash. Have all sizes. I have some nice fence post for sale.

C. H. GLEASON.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Lycoming County.

In the matter of the dissolution of the Castle Brook Carbon Black Company. No. 236, September Term, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that the Castle Brook Carbon Black Company filed its petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Lycoming County on August 12th, 1908, praying for a decree of dissolution, and that the Court has fixed September 21st, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. for hearing said applications for dissolution, when and where all persons interested can attend, if they deem expedient, and show cause against the granting of the prayer of said petition.

[illegible]

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $293,000.00
Resources about $900,000.00

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Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
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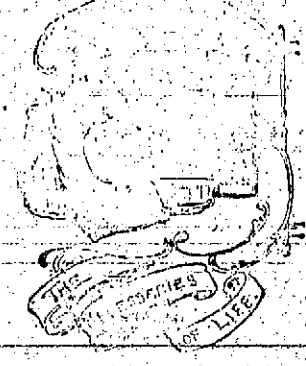

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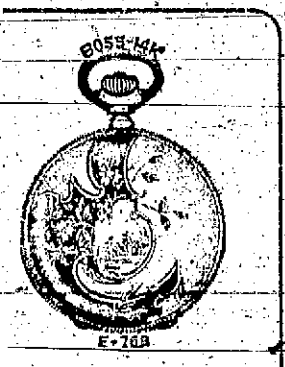

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We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

Man Zan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in [illegible]

H. W. RUBIN

Hot Weather

is here, and our BARGAINS in Clothing have also arrived. All Summer SUITS for men and boys will go at prices that will make you sit up and take notice. Come and see.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Marlin
A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.
For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.
Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.
There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun lovers in the "Marlin Think" new 136 page book with a handsome art cover. Send 15c for 3 stamps and postage.
The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

ANDORFER & LYLE
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Headquarters for FRUITS & GREEN GOODS in Season.

Just Received shipment of NEW CELERY.

Our Prices are Right
Consistent with Quality of Goods

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One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE,

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of John Shearer, deceased.

Letters of Administration having been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the said John Shearer, late of Hamilton Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Joseph Shearer, residing at Warren in the County of Warren and State aforesaid, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay, to

JOSEPH SHEARER, Administrator
Warren, Pa., R F. D. No. 4.

Sam's
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned was on the 6th day of July, 1908, granted letters of administration of the estate of Patrick Bacon, deceased, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. All persons having claims or demands against said estate will make same known to me without delay, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment.

DANIEL BACON, Administrator.

Dated at Smethport, Pa., July 15th, 1908.

The Lindholm Co.

Our August Clean-Up And Remnant Sale.

The Clean-Up Sale is your opportunity to obtain all the useful and needful you'll need for the next two months at prices that will average half below regular and what others cost.

Some great values are here, not only in one line but in nearly every line in this store.

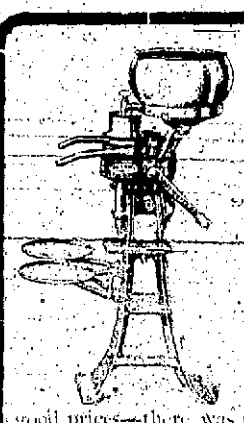
The short prices, broken lots will go at Clean-Up prices. Hundreds of remnants will be placed on our counters to choose from. We trust to number every lady who reads this among the ones benefitted by this Clean-Up. It will pay you well.

SALE STARTS AUG. 15

—AND—

CONTINUES TO AUG. 31

The Lindholm Company.



BUMPER CROPS

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS.

With the finest crop prospects ever before American agriculture—big crops of all kinds practically assured in nearly every locality and a world wide shortage of grain and other food supplies that insures good prices—there was never a better time to make that most profitable of all farm investment—the purchase of a De Laval Cream Separator.

A Silver Cup will be awarded at the McKean County Fair for the highest scoring butter made from cream separated with a De Laval Cream Separator.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 20, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Dance at Lyceum, Saturday night.

—Tile is advertised by E. W. Strong this week.

—Ed. Wendell is suffering with an attack of appendicitis.

—John Ebersprecher is quite ill at his home on East Main street.

—Read the new advertisement of Oscar Engstrom in this issue.

—The Bridge Whist Club was entertained by Mrs. E. R. Baker last Thursday.

—M. S. Comes has had a new cement walk laid along his property on Hill street.

—The De Laval separator is the subject of Daly & Garlick's advertisement this week.

—Rev. E. N. Turner will hold services at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening.

—Judging from the present indications the window glass factories in this section will get an early start.

—Go to the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night if you wish to pass an evening of enjoyment. 50 cents.

—John Kreener and Miss Josephine Schmitt of Buffalo were granted a marriage license here on Wednesday.

—Mrs. J. Scott Walker entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Green street yesterday afternoon.

—Charles L. Grover of Sherman, N. Y., and Miss Mae See of Eldred were married here yesterday afternoon.

—Miss Nellie Masser entertained a party of young ladies at her home on West Main street Monday afternoon.

—Dr. D. K. Selzer, the veterinarian who has often visited this place, died recently at his home in Wellsville, N. Y.

—The Baptist Sunday school picnic was held at Island Park Tuesday. Its attendance was large and all had a delightful time.

—A bunch of keys have been left at this office. Owner can have same by calling at this office, proving property and paying for this notice.

—Kane people are being considerably annoyed by burglars and the Republican is of the opinion that the work is being done by home talent.

—The Odd Fellows of this place have accepted an invitation to attend a celebration given by the Odd Fellows of [illegible]

—E. W. Jones purchased a pair of chestnut driving horses last Saturday.

—Tuesday afternoon Scott F. Reed fell was *running* his automobile down Water street he ran over a ditch and that his starting crank was badly bent and the machine torn out.

—Robert, the 16 year old son of Robert Carew, was run down and killed in the Erie yards at Salamanca on Monday. The victim and his parents formerly lived in Bradford.

—The work of putting in concrete on the paving job has been somewhat delayed on account of the cross sewer tile now arriving, but the grading is progressing rapidly despite the rainy weather.

—T. W. Camp has purchased the Dr. J. C. Brown residence and the lot adjoining, which belonged to John Bergquist, on Main street. He will take possession as soon as Dr. Brown and family vacates.

—Alden Lofgren, who came home a few months ago from the navy on account of illness, died in an Ohio hospital last week. His parents live in Port Allegany and his remains were brought there for burial.

—Mrs. E. T. Daly, who underwent a very serious operation at Dr. Lee's hospital in Rochester last Thursday, is improving rapidly and expects to be able to come home in about two weeks. This is pleasing news to her many friends.

—The liberal premiums offered by the McKean County Fair for educational work should interest all pupils and teachers of the county. It is not every day that one can get a $10 prize for something in his regular line of work.

—Albert "Bake" Servatius departed today for Youngstown where he is the efficient first baseman of the O. & P. league team. Mr. Servatius was in this city on account of the birth of a son which occurred Thursday says Saturday's Bradford Record.

—On Friday John O. Sonberg was brought from Niagara Falls to Bradford and taken before Alderman Williams for a hearing on a charge of embezzlement. He waived a hearing and was held for trial in the sum of $1,500, in default of which he was brought to Smethport on Saturday and lodged in jail.

—The Grange picnic held at Coryville yesterday was a pronounced success. Members from all over the county were in attendance in large numbers and all had a delightful time. The program for the day comprised good speaking and music and many athletic sports of which the leading feature was two ball games. The dance in the evening brought to a close a most pleasant [illegible]

—Four weeks from next Tuesday marks the opening of the McKean County Fair and Races. Preparations are being made to make this the greatest event of the kind ever held in the county and everybody should make up their minds to be in attendance.

—Robert M. Grignard of Salamanca was dragged to his death at the heels of a runaway horse at Great Valley, N. Y., on Tuesday. One of his feet became entangled in a chain and he was dead when found. He was 70 years old and is survived by a wife and one son.

—The K. O. T. M. hall at Mina was destroyed by fire at about 10:30 Saturday evening, the flames totally destroying the structure, which was used as a meeting place and for different social entertainments held there as well as for a lodge room.—Austin Autograph.

—Rumors are current to the effect that Keith Dalrymple disappeared mysteriously sometime during the month of June while travelling in some part of the West, and nothing has been heard of him since. He is the younger brother of H. A. Dalrymple.—Port Allegany Argus.

—The county commissioners are painting the two river bridges in Port Allegany. Sisso of Smethport is the contractor and the paint used was made in Port Allegany by the G. & B. Paint Co., manufacturers of the finest structural paint made. Four artists are employed.—Reporter.

—The hydrophobia scare at Farmers Valley has subsided somewhat during the past week, although on Saturday a cow belonging on the Thomas Goodwin farm, which is being managed by D. D. Cole, was stricken with the disease. Since that time no new cases have developed and it is hoped that the rabies has about had its run in that vicinity.

—The State Highway Department has issued over 22,000 automobile licenses so far and almost 75 are being put out each day. The total now exceeds last year by over 2,000. The licenses cost $3 each and the funds are used for road experiments and for engineers, being a valuable assistance to the work of the department of road development.

—The condition of Water street has been almost impassable for the past few days owing to the soft mud drawn into it from Main street and not being properly smoothed and rolled. Unless the proper authorities are more careful in the future about leveling and rolling the dirt put on this and other streets the borough is very liable to have a damage suit on its hands.

—It can be proven by one of our merchants that advertising pays. For the past two weeks Mr. Meglobner announced on this page a half-price sale of suits, on the strength of which Mr. Meglobner informs us he sold nearly every suit advertised and he expects that "printer's ink" will do the same for the rest of the suit bargains advertised by him on this page.

—While James Covey and Editor John Mundy of the Couderport Democrat were driving to the Emeron's convention at Wellsboro last week in the former's automobile the car suddenly ran over an embankment and Brother Mundy was thrown out and severely bruised, but no bones were broken and we are pleased to state that they continued their trip and had a good time.

—W. H. Hulett of Newark, Pa., was a recent visitor in Port Allegany. With several of his neighbors and farmers along the Skinner Creek road, he is agitating the opening of a highway from the head of Skinner Creek to Newark as a better, more direct and less hilly route to the county seat. Mr. Hulett says it would interest a fine farming section. Let us hope these farmers may get it.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—An inmate of the Perry county, Pa., jail made the following statement to Brindley Wharton, general agent of the State board of charities, the other day: "Mister, we're being overfed. The sheriff's wife doesn't take into account the fact that we are cooped up here without a chance to hustle around and get exercise, and yet she feeds us on pie and cake and a lot of rich things calculated to make us all grouchy with dyspepsia. Please make her stop."

—Artie Chetwood of Cambridge Springs, Pa., wants to learn the address of a man supposed to be working in the Potter county lumber woods. The letter to the Enterprise in part says: "His mother is ill and calls for him day and night. He and I used to call each other King and Queen of Spades and I think if you would insert same for me in a prominent place where it would be sure to be seen I could reach him and thus have him see his mother, any way."

—Billy Illingsworth has a pair of young red squirrels in a cage at his wholesale liquor store that are attracting a good deal of attention. They are a frisky, playful pair and seem to be perfectly contented in the confines of their cage. We overheard "Billy" telling someone something about catching them in the tall grass, but when the writer drew near he closed up like a clam, and would only say that he did not care to talk for publication after the law tree episode.

—C. J. Curtis, a once well-known and prosperous lawyer of Bradford, died in poverty at the Bradford almshouse on Saturday last. He was born in Potter county in 1818. He fitted himself for a lawyer and came to Bradford in the early oil days and prospered. Some years ago he lost his mental balance and afterwards his property. He went back to Potter county where he lived for some time and then came back to Bradford and entered the almshouse. A widow and two sons who live in Brooklyn survive him.

—Here is a little story that comes from Coudersport. It is worth reading: "Yesterday morning the lifeless body of Miss Bessie Rice was found in the creek in the Germania neighborhood. The young girl was 16 years of age and was the adopted daughter of the late William Rice. There seems to be no doubt that she destroyed her life as the result of acute insanity. On Sunday she seemed to be in her usual health and taught her Sunday school class, being a member of the Christian church and an active worker. Her mother believes that her insanity was the result of incessant novel reading."

Personal Mention.

Horace King had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Mrs. E. W. Workley is visiting relatives in York, Pa.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick visited Salamanca on Saturday.

Sheridan Gerlon, Esq., had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Waldo Susse of Kane spent Friday with his parents in town.

Miss Ruth Holmes is visiting friends in New York and Philadelphia.

Bion McClellan and Frank Gallup of Mt. Jewett were in town Sunday.

Mrs. Harry L. Backus left Friday for a visit to her parents in Lanesville.

George Campbell and daughter Viola left Tuesday for a visit to Silver Lake.

Earl Hafner pitched his tent with the Red Men at Olean last Thursday night.

Joe Connolly and Floyd St. Clair of Port Allegany spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Soper and son, Arthur, have returned from a week's visit in Olean.

Miss Katherine Hussey of DuBois is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. V. B. Bouton, this week.

Mrs. Palmer has returned to her home in Kingston after a visit with her aunt, Mrs. Schoonmaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schloss and son, Leo, returned Saturday from a week's visit to Olean friends.

Miss Fannie Shoemaker of Farmers Valley was the guest of Smethport friends over Sunday.

E. T. Daly spent the first part of the week in Rochester with Mrs. Daly, who is in a hospital in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Eber Dennison Murray and Frances Allen of Newport spent Saturday with Miss Lyman.

Rodney Roeder of Atwater, Ohio, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder, at Farmer's Valley.

Comrade T. J. Feaherty of Bradford, Democratic candidate for sheriff, was a caller at this office this morning.

R. W. Hilton, Charles McKean, John Smith, B. T. Garlick and Chauffeur Whalen left this morning for the Wellsville Fair.

Hon. Henry Hamlin was called to Bristol Tuesday evening by the serious illness of his daughter, Mrs. H. Heber McCandless.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ray and daughter Irene of Caney, Kas., Miss Jessie Ray and Jack Hussey of Colegrove are visiting the H. D. Wendell and family.

Misses Rose and Elizabeth King of Port Allegany, Ed. Breene and Dr. McConneghy of Emporium drove over to Smethport from the former place on Tuesday.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin returned home last night from a two weeks' outing at the Thousand Islands, Orlo J. Hamlin going to Boston to the bedside of his sister, Mrs. McCandless.

Harrison Chapman, wife and two daughters of Findlay, Ohio, Mrs. Eliza Chapman of Ulysses, and Mrs. Frank Spencer of Weston's Mills were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham last week.

Miss Mayre Connolly, Mrs. V. B. Bouton, Mrs. C. J. Wittick, Miss Edna Hungerville, Miss Belva Ford, and Miss Maymie O'Connell, with John Sauls pugh as chauffeur, drove to Kane yesterday.

26 Years Success.

Westbrook Academy, Olean, will begin its 27th year, Sept. first, with a list of more than 3000 graduates.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Want Your Dollars Stretched?

This store will do it for you—double their purchasing power on lots of things—make them reach half again as far on others.

We're clearing out the odd lots of all sorts making ready for fall business—that's the reason for the Great Price Reductions.

Look over this list of Bargains then come to the store and get your share.

White Waists—values $1.00 to 2.00, good assortment	at 50c
Pumps—values $1.00 to 6.50, white and colors	at Half Price
Ladies' Vests—2 lots, Black and White, value 25c	at 15c.
Ladies' Vests—1 lot, Black only, value 50c	at 25c.
Corsets—1 lot, assorted styles, value $1.00 to 1.50	at 50c
Wrist Bags—1 lot, assorted styles, value $1.00	at 75c
Cluett Shirts—1 lot, Soft Collars and Cuffs, value $2.00	at $1.50
Cluett Shirts—1 lot, Soft Collars and Cuffs, value $1.50	at $1.15
B. V. D. Drawers—value 50c	at 45c
Boys' Shirts—Soft Collars and Cuffs	at 25c

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

I have everything in the Grocery Line that you need, and my prices are right. Give me a trial and be convinced.

I have just received a supply of nice Olives. We also handle Olives in the bulk, which are just the thing to take when you go for an outing.

Now is the time that moths are working on your winter clothes. If you find this so try Hygeno. It is also good to keep away ants, and the best thing in market to keep flies off cattle. In fact, Hygeno can't be beat for a disinfectant and to keep away verquin.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

Have You $6.50?

If you have here is a

Grand Chance

to get an up-to-date Suit mighty cheap. From our recent ½ price sale we have a few men's and young men's Suits left which we will close out at the

Remarkable Low Price of $6.50.

These Suits were

$12.50, $15.00 and $17.50

Hurry if you want a bargain

WM. MONHEIMER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

$10.60 from Smethport

—TO—

Atlantic City,

CAPE MAY,

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY,

NEW JERSEY.

AUGUST 26, 1908

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 4:03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

... A ... Postponed Funeral.

By Curran Richard Greenley.

Copyright, 1905, by Curran R. Greenley.

OVER ridge and swamp and along the reaches of the Barrnelaw the buds were swelling on the topmost branches of oak and cypress, and the lush grasses that stand up straight and tall in the dark red pools later on in the year began to send their first green shoots to herald the spring. There was a troublesome rumor going the rounds, ominous and dread. Men said that the new levee was treacherous, that it might hold, but all knew that a mighty river was sweeping down from the north, jealous of its ancient prerogatives over the valley. Would the narrow line of earth hold out against it?

Jake Alders heard the news when he was doing his trading down at Wash Meads' store. On the way home he fell in with little groups of men who jogged along discussing the probability of an overflow, not that it was a new thing on the Barrnelaw, for many times and often had the Father of Waters swept his royal way across the land, but their little holdings had been heavily taxed to build the levee that was to protect them, and now, thanks to the gods of red tape, Father Mississabie had challenged it and the levee was not.

Jake rode along slowly. He was turning a problem over in his mind. Amanda, his wife, had been one of the annual victims to the dread swamp fever, dying in the early winter. She had made him promise to have her funeral preached in the spring "when the woods is a-gittin' green an' things is a little mite more cheerful." Jake had just made arrangements for the funeral and that day had received a message from the parson to the effect that he would be on hand the following Sunday, and now, if the water came, there was no telling when the funeral could be preached.

Jake swung along the yellow ribbon of road, around the big bend and across the long bridge over the bayou thinking deeply. The first bluebird of the year fluttered ahead of him into a nearby cotton field. Over his head a robin wheeled, chattering to his mate. Against the dark gray green of the winter woods the red-bud blazed its crimson banners and the slipping wind rustled the brown breast of the river to scales of golden armor. He gathered himself together, gave the mule a sharp cut and began to whistle, he had made up his mind.

Miss Josie Derr, ankle-deep in the grass, sharply over the steps, shook out her starched purple calico skirt and settled herself on the gallery to enjoy the morning sunshine. There was some little appearance of thrift around the comfortable little log cabin of two rooms and the lean-to kitchen at the back, its well fenced yard and clapboarded outbuildings. Miss Josie herself, spare, gray haired and active as a well intentioned hornet, was known throughout the Barrnelaw as a "hustlin' woman. If she is an 'old maid,' Her sixty acres of land were well managed, and, though contrary to custom, she never worked in the cotton herself, at the end of the year she was usually ahead of those who did.

As Jake Alders came in sight, a limp and dejected figure astride of the patient mule, she stood up and, peered under her hand. "Why don't the fool straighten up and use the buck his God give him? He'd be right decent lookin' if it wan't for his slouchy ways." And Miss Josie pulled her own shoulders a trifle straighter as she walked slowly down the path.

"Howdy, Jake? How's the children and what's the news from the water?"

The mule came to a halt. "Well, now, Miss Josie, I was jes' a-sayin' to myself as how I was a-goin' to ask your advice this very giornin' about of the children. You heard tell how Mandy was a wantin' her funer'l preached in the spring? Sorter foolish, Lord; Wimmen folks has their notions, an' I'm a man what believes in humorin' 'em, dead or alive. Parson Arms, he 'lowed he'd get here a-Sunday, an' we was a-buyin' off to have the funer'l preached down at the Jaycie; but, Miss Josie, them kids ain't got one rag what's decent to wear to their ma's funer'l, an', what I'm a-goin' to do 'twixt now an' then, God knows." Jake paused and looked hopefully at Miss Josie; then he went on, "Seein' as you be such a dino manager, I was a-thinkin' you might khider help me out, and if"—

"Now, see here, Jake Alders! Do you think I'm a woman or a Christmas tree? How do you reckon I can make clothes grow on them six kids, 'twixt now an' Sunday, an' this bein's Tuesday? Man, you've plumb lost your senses."

Jake fidgeted with his rope bridle. "I didn't know but what you was."

"Shut up, Jake Alders. You know you've been plannin' all along the road as how you was a-goin' to dump them kids an' their rixin's on my conscience, an' now you've been an' gone an' done it. Yes, I'm a fool for meddlin', but I'll get 'em ready, but don't you ask me nothin' more, 'cause I ain't goin' to do it." Miss Josie trailed this last over her shoulder as she disappeared into the house, and Jake grinned knowingly as he jogged down the road.

During the remainder of the week he made himself as scarce as possible about the straggling two room cabin that owned him as master. Miss Josie took possession of it and the six small Alders, whose tow heads were subjected to a process of yellow soap and rainwater and later to luminous little rolls of paper. Meanwhile Miss Josie's machine clattered unending miles of pink calico and domestic, and her energetic foes strived the Alders progeny to something like industry, so that the cabin shone with unwonted cleanliness as Saturday afternoon declined into twilight.

The parson was to spend the night, and Jake had gone to the station to meet him. Miss Josie was preparing to go home, having completed all the arrangements, even to laying out the finery in six little heaps on the bench they ran along the wall. There were rolls of light bread and a jelly cake two roasted fowls and some of Miss Josie's own pies, all destined to do duty as the funeral baked meats.

Miss Josie started down to the gate trailing a torrent of minute instructions to the forlorn little group in the doorway. Away up the road she heard the clatter of hoofs and the rattle of the ancient buggy that Jake had borrowed from the squire, and it was coming faster than Jake Alders' old mare made had ever traveled that road before. Jake was leaning over the dashboard in the effort to hurry old Mag along. He shouted something—mourner—and Miss Josie stood stock still. "The water's a-comin'! Levee's broke at Carter's end, Bend Nigger Wood swamp's plum full! She'll be here by daylight!"

Jake tumbled out, and the parson, a thin, active man, jumped to the ground and began to unharness the mule. Miss Josie started down the road in a run, but Jake yelled after her: "Don't be skeered. I'll be down there 'fore mornin'. You ain't got no men folks to be a-nailin' and a-fittin'. Them shiftless niggers will be a-lookin' out for their own fool necks. I'll put your chickens an' things in the loft an' your stock on my mound an'"— But the dark had swallowed Miss Josie.

Jake was roused from his careless ease. Other years had left their lesson. Aided by the parson, he drove his cattle into the field where the old Indian mound afforded a refuge. A dugout that had done duty as a trough in front of the cabin was wrenched from its posts and a pair of paddles hastily flyed out. From, under the cabin Jake dragged out an old bateau that, with a little patching, was made passably safe. Then a pile of rough planks was transferred to the front gallery from the corner of the yard where Jake had "lowed" to build a crib in readiness for the building of a false floor should the necessity arise. They piled firewood in every inch of available space, even upon the flat part of the roof. "She'll be in the Barrnelaw by mornin'," said Jake as he toiled in with the last load.

The faint of dawn was in the air when they ceased their labor. The parson straightened up. "It is the Sabbath morning, Brother Alders, and truly the ox is in the ditch before its Sister Derr needs our help."

"B'gosh!" Jake slapped his thigh. "If I didn't go and forget all about that woman comin' as a whistle, an' a-promisin' so big. Come on, parson."

She was waiting for them, her preparations all made. She had collected her cattle into the barnyard, tied the chickens by the legs ready to be transferred to the barn loft, and her trunk stood locked and strapped.

"How deep you reckon it will go?" she questioned.

Jake scratched his chin. "Can't say, Miss Josie. Last water I had to put a false floor in my house, an' they de say this'll beat that holler."

Miss Josie collapsed helplessly into the split bottomed rocker. "If I'd the sense God gave geese I'd stayed back in them old red hills of Georgy 'stead of comin' to live in a frog pond."

The parson shook his head. "Now, my sister, you're tackling the Almighty with shortsightedness. Every country has its drawbacks, but the Barrnelaw folks never failed a stranger in trouble yet. Here's Brother Alders willing to take care of you and"— Jake cough ed and looked at the parson, and the parson understood. He went to the door and stood peering into the brightening east.

"Miss Josie"—Jake twirled the ragged hat between his fingers and moved a step nearer to the sobbing woman in the chair—"parson heah has jes' about got into words what I been a-tryin' to say all this week. I'm a-needin' you terrible bad, me an', the chillun, an' though I 'low I ain't much to look at, Mandy was mighty fond of me, an' you know there never was nuthin' I wouldn't do for Mandy. Miss Josie, this ain't no time for a woman to be livin' alone with God A'mighty's rainin' floods comin' over her head. Can't you make up your mind to come along with me?"

The sobs had hushed, but the apron still sheltered Miss Josie, when the parson turned. "Brother Alders, I would suggest that you send Leon to the station as soon as he gets back and telegraph the clerk to issue the license. It's a little irregular, but I can make the formal application to Grayson. I'm here now, and it is not a time to stand on ceremony as to the manner of doing things."

Miss Josie jerked the apron down. "You two men are a-fixin' the whole thing an' a-plannin' it out without me gittin' a word in, as if a woman didn't have the right to settle about her own marryin'. Go ahead. But there's one comfort, I'll be on hand when the time comes to see that Mandy's funer'l goes off all right."

"Thanky, Miss Josie. There's comfort in them words, an'"— Jake's mouth hung open and his eyes widened as he tore out the door. One look at the river whispering, bubbling and creeping visibly up the bank. "She's here! Hustle with your traps, Miss Josie. There ain't no time to lose." And he fell to work.

As an example of muscular Christianity the parson was no laggard and the gospel of works was fully demonstrated that March Sunday when he laid down rod and staff to help Jake Alders rescue cattle and hogs.

The Sabbath calm lay over the cypress knees when they arrived at Jake's cabin. A few dirty children, breakfastless and cold, huddled about the doorstep. A wisp of Miss Josie and her feeble "mind a baby" under they came swarming about her skirts. "Oh, gosh, she's gone to stay!" announced Jordan, Jake's eldest, as she planted the baby in Miss Josie's arms with a gesture of finality.

All day long the muddy tide crept over the land. It entered the dusty road in thin streams, widening until road and cowyard, barnyard and pasture disappeared. Jake stood eying the pile of timber as the water sucked and gurgled beneath him. The parson squared his shoulders. "Yes, Brother Alders, there is no time like the present," and the sound of hammer and saw rang over the rippling tide as the parson wrought for those sheep of his pasture. Ten o'clock saw the last nail in the high March wind sent the first wave over the cabin sill. Miss Josie settled the children and the household belongings with some degree of comfort, but the parson and Jake could not stand upright under the low rafters.

The irregular bent of dugout paddles came around the island, and the parson stepped outside, while Jake stood fingering his hat and glancing sidewise at Miss Josie where she sat in the low rocker, bending over the drowsy baby. The other children slept upon the mattress. She lifted her head as the parson paused in the doorway, a bit of yellow paper between his fingers, and behind him, peering over his shoulder, the station agent and Jake's young brother Lem.

"Brother Alders, the clerk wires me that he has issued the license."

Miss Josie arose, the sleeping baby against her shoulder. The warm little body nestling there in drowsy helplessness stirred and woke the primal woman, virginal and shy, that slept below the crust of years. Her keen gray eyes softened with a new light above the sallow cheek, where the long knuckled blushes burned beneath Jake's ardent, brown gaze. At her feet his children slept.

The parson raised his hand, and Jake blundered to Miss Josie's side, his tall head stooping to avoid the rafters. Over the lap-lap of the waves beneath them, over the keening of the wind in the cypress knees, the parson's voice rose in solemn sentences, and then he was saying tenderly, and the faces were gone from the doorway. Miss Josie crept, resting, behind the sleeping baby, as she knelt to place it with the other children, and down the road she heard the parson singing as he paddled into the night.

And when the long May days came to the Barrnelaw, newly risen from the chrisom of the waters and teeming with the gifts of Father Mississabie, the first Mrs. Alders received due meed of song and service, thoroughly ordered by Mrs. Alders the second.

Humor

OVER THE FENCE.

How Women Sometimes Get Acquainted With Each Other.

The woman in 2018 had just moved in, and she was very anxious to show something about her neighbors. The woman in 2018 was curious about the newcomer. A strange coincidence brought them to the dividing fence at the same hour. No. 2018 rolled a keg up to her side of the fence. No. 2018 turned up a big tub. Simultaneously they mounted their respective elevations. Their heads met, and there were exclamations of guilty surprise.

"What were you doing rummaging in my yard?" demanded 2018.

"Now, you've got a nerve!" retorted 2018. "It was you who was doing the rummaging."

"I was just waiting to catch you, Mrs. Who-ever-you-are."

"Well, one can't be too careful about strangers."

"Is that so? Well, I'll bet your name isn't in the society blue book. Your family wear red flannels."

"Pooh! You do your own washing."

There was a long lull in which the belligerents exchanged glare daggers. Then 2018 melted.

"I didn't just mean to hurt your feelings," she said almost smiling.

"No?" insisted 2018.

"There isn't a bit of sense in neighbors always being at odds."

"It was all my fault, and I am going to apologize right away."

"Indeed, I'll not let you, then. I am going to shoulder all the blame myself. Nice way for me to welcome a new neighbor!"

"That is an awful cute pigeon house on the side of your wall."

"Oh, it's just some freak of John's saw-and-hammer. But that is a fine sitter you have."

"Well, it is one of the modern kind—no dust or ashes."

"I have so many cinders. It would be a great thing for me."

"Then you shall have it any time you ask. I am going to send you over a sample of my waffles after awhile."

"Yes, and I am going to hand a saucer of my pennes over the fence."

"You are too kind. But I want to ask you to come over tonight. John is going to give selections on his phonograph."

"I'll try, but not unless you promise to come over Sunday," finally, I'll rap when the pennies are done."—Chicago News.

A Believer.

"Do you believe in telepathy?" asked the unwilling person.

"What do you mean by telepathy?" asked the 8th Stax.

"Thought transfer—the faculty that enables one person to know what another person is thinking about."

"Oh, yes! There's my old friend Mr. Skinboodle. I know what he's thinking about this very minute."

"What is it?"

"Money."—Washington Star.

They Confused Him.

"The older I get the less reliance I place on my senses."

"And you used to be so positive. What's changed you?"

"I'm engaged to one of a pair of twin girls who look exactly alike."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Needed Help.

Landlady Will you have another helpf to the chicken, Mr. Hitthers?

Mr. Hitthers (star boarder)—Yes, I'm—less I get help. I'm afraid my jaws won't stand the strain. You see I never practiced mastication as a physical feat.—Ohio State Journal.

Limit.

Mrs. Stuld—It states in this magazine, John, that the shortest men on earth are the Lapsandres.

Mr. Stuld—I'm! They couldn't be any shorter than an American man after his summer vacation.—Pittsburg Post.

A Slight Difference.

Bertie—Are you going to the cane rush?

Ragsy—Naw; dis is a coon rush.

Quite Enough of a Fracture.

Flashing—You were pretty badly cut up when you took that cropper at the chase. Any bones broken?

Elmhurst (gloomily)—Well, when the doctor got me patched up it broke a ten bone bill to settle with him!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mixed.

Nebb—Who is that ordinary looking woman with Mrs. Meek?

Nick—Mrs. Meek is the ordinary looking woman; that swell dressed creature with her is Mrs. Meek's hired girl.—Ohio State Journal.

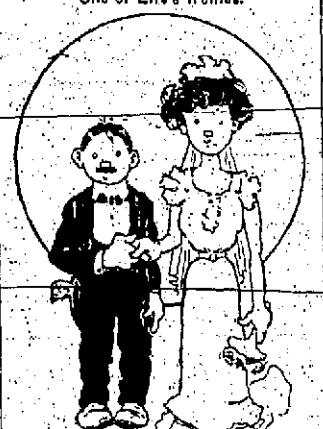
SEASONABLE ADMONITION.

Here is advice that none should fail
To duly note:
When going for a summer sail,
Lest friends and relatives should wail,
Don't rock the boat!

And in life's usual business
If you would float
Along the current of success
Don't feel and fume in nervous stress:
Don't rock the boat!

Not only men of nimble wits
Who live purely
Should heed this warning. Oh, ye great,
Who seek to run the ship of state,
Don't rock the boat!
—Washington Star.

One of Life's Ironies.



This is the girl who used to say she would never marry a man unless she could look up to him.—Philadelphia Press.

When Riley and Carman Met.

James Whitcomb Riley and Bliss Carman, though comrades of long standing in art, did not meet till comparatively recently. It was in Washington, and the Canadian poet, whose head is fully six feet four inches above ground, was walking down Pennsylvania avenue with a friend.

Observing Riley approach and knowing that the two poets had never met the Washingtonian took occasion to introduce them.

Struggling with suppressed emotion the laureate of childhood dropped his eyes to the pavement, gradually permitted his glance to travel upward as though analyzing a new species of skyscraper and with an expression of inimitable drollery ejaculated: "Well by Jinks! Your parents must hev trained you on a trellis." — Success Magazine.

On the Way Home.

A party of Scotsmen had been having a little celebration in a Canadian town and unsteady were the steps on the home going in the morning. One fell by the wayside and called for help from another wayfarer. The would be good Samaritan tried to steady himself as he looked down upon the fallen one and then settled matters by saying, "I canna help ye up, but I'll lie doon aside ye."

A Chump.

Tess—Mr. Dumley's just the meanest man. He told me last evening he'd teach me how to whistle if I'd pucker up my lips—

Jess—Oh, that old scheme! Then he kissed you, eh?

Tess—No; the stupid thing! He didn't kiss me at all.—Minneapolis Journal.

More Important.

Two village worthies were discussing a moot point in grammar as to whether a hair "sets" or "sets" when she takes to her nest.

"Seems to me it's a heap more important," interrupted a bystanding farmer, "whether she 'lays' or 'lies' when she cackles."—Harper's Weekly.

Light.

"You used to say," she bitterly complained, "that I was the light of your existence."

"I know it," he replied, with almost brutal frankness, "but that was before I had to pay for the gas you consume by sitting up till midnight reading fool love stories."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Cultured Cleck.

Mrs. Schoppon—What's the price of this silk?

The Sales Gentleman—The price is 98 cents, madam, which you must admit is quite decided—

Mrs. Schoppon—Decided?

The Sales Gentleman—Yes, madam. Cut low. [illegible]

A Mean Cuss.

"That fellow Crosby is the meanest fellow I know."

"Why?"

"Today he paid me back a loan I've been trying to get for two years, and he had the nerve to ask me how much I proposed to throw off for cash."—Ohio State Journal.

Over the Back Fence.

First Woman—You've got to retract what you said about me.

Second Woman—I won't. I never take anything back.

First Woman—Indeed you don't, but you'll borrow everything your neighbors have if you get a chance.—Detroit Free Press.

Income and Outgo.

"Gramma, pa costs me a awful lot."

"How, sonny?"

"Why, gramma, when I'm good all day he gives me a penny, an' when I'm bad I have to give him a penny."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Shinglehouse.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. [illegible], Smethport; R. H. Thompson, Bradford.
District Attorney—Geo. Griffiths, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Shinglehouse.
Prothonotary—E. Belt, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chorpe, Smethport.
Register—J. H. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. B. Wherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Chas. J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doyle, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford
W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—L. B. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burlette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Watts, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, F. E. Heath, H. Hesse.
Justices—E. C. Gleason.
Constable—C. D. Youtz.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y., W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Starke.
Judge of Election—H. S. Hinkle.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock at I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 427, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month and p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant. B. F. WRIGHT, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 34, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JESSIE EBERPAUHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 11, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. One Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 2:30 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 2 o'clock. All are invited.

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Paulton's Prisoner.

By W. F. Bryan.

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Absurd as it may seem, Edith Mortimer had run away from happiness.

Realizing that Guy Paulton was determined to marry her, she had looked into the commanding eyes and surveyed the determined chin and had fled in a panic to the mountains after artfully announcing that she was bound for the shore.

This was not because she did not want to marry Paulton. To the contrary, the prospect thrilled her with tender delight, but what she did want was another social season without ties of any sort. She did not want to retire to the ranks of engaged girls and wallflowers after only one year's triumph as the belle of the season.

Guy, on the contrary, seemed determined to be married at once, and as a last resort she had fled to escape his proposal. From babyhood Guy had had a masterful way, and Edith knew that if she stopped to argue she was lost.

Her old chum, Belle Manton, who was going to Beach Haven, forwarded Edith's mail and otherwise helped to maintain the polite but obvious fiction. Loyally she strove to protect her friend's secret, and, though Paulton alternately begged and threatened, he could gain no hint of Edith's whereabouts. Edith smiled at the desperate letters he wrote, but she carefully saved them in her little rosewood traveling desk, and could Paulton have seen the tender light in her eyes as she reread them in the quiet of the summer nights he would have been content. The trouble was that Paulton could not see, and he was putting in a most uncomfortable summer.

Oddly enough, Edith was really enjoying her runaway. Paulton, she

"ALL'S FAIR"—

had stumbled on a quaint village far from the haunts of fashion. In simple gowns and with her hair in braids she reveled in the freedom from dress and social "purine that had been her portion all winter. In her gingham sunbonnet she might have passed for the daughter of a farmer, and for the moment Guy Paulton took her to be such when he came upon her in the little woodland where Edith spent most of her time. Her back was turned to him as he parted the bushes and trampled down the ferns.

Edith started at the sound of his voice, but promptly drew the all concealing bonnet down in front and managed to stammer an answer to his question if she had seen any soldiers about.

For the first time she noticed that he was in uniform, and she immediately realized that the rough service dress was *most becoming*. Paulton was built in heroic mold, and though he looked well in the conventional dress of a man of fashion, the heavy blue shirt, open to display his fine throat, and tight fitting riding trousers emphasized the good lines of his powerfully muscled figure.

Edith shook her head.

"You are certain that there have been no soldiers about," he asked again, "no chaps in brown uniform?"

"Haven't seen any," denied Edith in nasal tones. "You're the first soldier I've seen since the county fair. Is it a parade?"

"It's a game of war," explained Paulton. "They divided the militia into two armies. The browns must beat the blues to win, and of course we blues are anxious to see that they don't, I am supposed to be scouting."

"Like real soldiers?" she asked innocently.

"Of course," was the impatient reply. "What is the whole idea, to train us like the regulars."

Edith replied in a very good imitation of Daisy Spence, the village flirt.

"I didn't know that real soldiers stopped to talk to girls when there was a war on," she suggested as she raised her hand to the bonnet the better to adjust its shade.

The movement was fatal to concealment. Paulton noticed that her hand was unusually white for

worked about the farm, and the instant he recognized the slight filigree band that circled one of the slender fingers. It had been his mother's, and how often he had suggested to Edith to wear it!

"We are like regular soldiers also because we are not above a pleasant little flirtation," declared Paulton gaily. "I believe that a regular soldier would kiss such a pretty face as yours!"

"How do you know that it is pretty?" demanded Edith from the security of the sunbonnet's shade. It hurt her to think that Guy would flirt with any girl he met, but she was determined to play the game as far as she dared.

"I'll take the face on trust," announced Paulton calmly. "All's fair in love and war, they say, so your face must be fair, since this is minute war."

"Maybe it's only make believe fair since this is make believe war," suggested Edith coquettishly.

"To the contrary, this is very real war," declared Paulton, "and I am obliged to place you under arrest."

"What for?" demanded Edith, not without some alarm. "You cannot draw country folks into your games."

"You are wrong," retorted Paulton. "It is the soldier's duty to take into custody those enemies of his country whose sentiments threaten the success of a campaign."

"But I am not your enemy," protested Edith. "I won't be taken prisoner."

"Perhaps," assented Paulton; "but a stout duty confronts me, I must take you a prisoner and hale you before a court martial unless—"

He paused tantalizingly.

"Unless?" She told herself that if he demanded a kiss as the price of her freedom she would never believe in men again.

"There is but one way out of it," continued Paulton. "Prove your loyalty to your country by marrying one of its protectors. There is a parson just beyond here. I passed a church not very long ago. We will slip over there and get married, and then I shall be certain that you are not an enemy to the country."

"And if I refuse?" asked Edith lightly, in her anger dropping her rural disguise.

"In that case," answered Paulton, "I am afraid that you will be thrown into the guardhouse until you change your mind."

"I shall report you to the colonel," retorted Edith angrily. He was not to separate such comrades.

"I am quite certain that the colonel will approve my conduct," said Guy placidly. "Coming up on the train he told me that I ought to marry, and I assured him that, through no fault of mine, bachelorhood was my lot. I am sure that he will be pleased at the prospect of my speedy return, and I have acted upon his advice when I found my bride right out in the—"

"I won't be a bride!" stamped Edith. "You are rude and ungentlemanly, to—to—overbearing to an extreme!"

"All fair in love and war," continued Paulton, "and this is both love and war. I am doing the wooing and you have been doing the warring. Do you think it was fair to run away as you did and never give me a hint of your address?"

"You know me?" gasped Edith.

"Most assuredly," declared Paulton. "I was not positive until I saw that you were wearing the little ring I gave you and which you never would wear in town. Then I knew that perhaps there was a chance. Will you marry me, Edith?"

Now, now, you are only trying to scare me into saying 'yes,'" pouted Edith. "Guy, don't make me marry you right away. You have your scouting to do, and I never did like the monotony of that little church," she added inconsequentially. "Do Miss Is much about—"

"May I come back when this cruel war is over next week?" asked Guy tenderly. "Then I'll ask Dr. Mixon to marry us, and we'll have our friends up to see the prisoner of war marry her captor, just as they do in historical novels."

"I think that I'd just have to marry you," assented Edith. "You are such a persistent tormenter."

"All's fair"— Paulton began his favorite quotation, but the rest was lost in the pastelward tunnel of the sunbonnet as he claimed a kiss.

The Larynx.

The larynx has been compared to a wind, a reed and a stringed instrument. The comparison of it to a violin give rise to the not very accurate phrase "vocal chords" as the name of the two cushions which are its most prominent features. But no string so short as those vocal chords could produce a musical bass note. In fact, the comparison of the larynx to any instrument which produces only musical tones is inadequate to begin with. There is no instrument but the larynx which produces both song and speech, and as those comparisons view the larynx merely as a producer of musical sounds we have no further concern with them at present. Besides, the voice can be trained for speech, elocution and oratory without a knowledge of the physiology of the larynx.

We have the power of adjusting the larnyx, of varying the tension of its cords, cushions or ligaments, as they have been variously called. We can do these things with or without such musical knowledge of how they are done, without any knowledge at all of vocal physiology, and it is the work of the trainer of the voice to teach the pupils how to do them.—Chambers' Journal.

The Reward of Beauty.

"What a beautiful little girl!" said the woman.

"Yes," replied the man, "and some day it may be necessary for her father to sell millions in order to get some scrawny, little foreigner with bowlegs and watery eyes and a receding chin to marry her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Govern your passions, otherwise they will govern you.—Horace

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SEA BATHING.

The Effects of Salt Air and Water on the Human Body.

There is a reason why parents have in all times and in all ages endeavored to give their children the benefit of sea air and sea bathing. An Italian physician, Gerosa, tells about it:

It is agreed, he says, that all living organisms began their life existence in salt water and that as a result the human body, and indeed every animal body, is largely made up of salt. If you taste your blood or your tears, which are the extract of blood, you will find that both are quite salt in flavor. More than this, however, every living being possesses within his body, in the cellular stage, all those strange marine organisms which we study so curiously in museums. And, seeing, says Gerosa, that the amount of sea water contained in every body is equal to one-third of that body's weight, it is clear that in the infinitesimally rudimentary form all known marine life must be present in the blood. The result is that when we bathe in the sea or breathe the sea air we replace the amount of essential salt which is constantly decreasing in the system and, all unconsciously to ourselves, weakening it. Salt water, says Gerosa, is really the main principle of life, since it is the first condition of existence which the living organisms know. It is therefore always good for the body, whether it be enjoyed at the seaside or brought in bottles from the sea. In particular is it very valuable in the case of weakling children, and there is no bodily stimulant so invigorating to the very young as sea water.

THE VOODOO IN HAITI.

Human Sacrifices to the God of the Serpent.

There is ample proof that human beings have been offered as sacrifices to the god of the serpent in Haiti. A French archbishop of the island describes a visit made by one of the priests to a voodoo assembly. The man had disguised himself as a negro, and he was thus able to mingle undetected with the crowd in the clearing outside the sacred circle. After the white cock and white goat had been slain and offered up and their blood had been sprinkled on the earth, a burly young negro came forward and prostrated himself before the priestess. Then, still kneeling, he made his request.

"I demand, I have a right to ask for this."

"What is it you seek?" said the priestess encouragingly.

"Will you not give us to complete the sacrifice the veal which bellows?"

The priestess gave a sign of assent. The crowd scattered apart, and there was revealed a child of three with its feet bound. The French priest rushed away in search of assistance in preventing the unholy rite, but the authorities on whom he called were strangely slothful. When finally, on the day following, they arrived at the place of assembly, they found the fiendish remains of a sacrifice and a feast, among them the boiled skull of the child.—Marvin Dana in Metropolitan Magazine.

When Men Hurry.

"Shucks!" said a man waiting for a train on an elevated railroad platform and looking down a street to where a hundred hacks and boys had gathered around two wagons that had come to collide in collision, "there are a hundred men standing around those two wagons, just standing there, swapping apparently with nothing else to do and not in a bit of a hurry; but let any one of those men come up the stairs to this platform when there's a train coming in and he'd rush and hurry and tear himself apart to catch that train and get plum if he missed it, though he knew very well that there'd be another train here in a minute. Let him miss a train by a second and he thinks the world is coming to an end; let him see somebody hoisting a safe up the outside of a building and he will stop and waste half an hour.

"How do you account for that?"—New York Sun.

Mme. de Struve's Wit.

Secretary Blaine had said of Mme. de Struve that she was the brightest woman he had ever met, and everybody who knew her agreed with this verdict. Her knowledge of English was remarkable, even for a Russian, and her sallies were famous. For instance, the day when Secretary Bayard was made head of the American diplomatic service his daughter, Miss Kate Bayard, said laughingly to a young secretary of legation, "Remember, I am now daughter of your chief!" to which came, quick as a flash, the retort from Mme. de Struve's lips, "Oh, we all know that you are miss chief!"—Army and Navy Life.

His Terms Varied.

"I give a little reception next Thursday evening, and I should like some music, piano solos particularly. What would be your terms?" Thus a lady to a professional instrumentalist.

"Eef I go zere simply as a musician," was the reply, "zen I play my selections and leave. I charge fife guineas, but eef I must go as a guest and spend ze whole evenings talking to you pack of fools I charge ten guineas!"—London Graphic.

A Sure Thing.

She—Did father say anything about you being too young? He—Well, yes; but he said I'd age pretty rapidly after we were married and I found I had to pay your bills.—Illustrated Bits.

A happiness that is quite undisturbed becomes tiresome; we must have ups and downs.—Moliere.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS, Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

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The Wooing of Wilhelmina.

By Cecily Allen.

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Of Wilhelmina's taste in dinner giving and the quality of her hospitality there could be no question. The first was above reproach; the second, like that of mercy, was not strained.

Of Wilhelmina's ability as an artist however, there was very grave question indeed. Those who had no desire to defer to her dinners were very apt to pronounce her pictures daubs, which will explain why Dobson drew Remington aside and reviewed the situation, Dobson was taking Donald Remington, who had just returned from a year in England, to enjoy one of Wilhelmina's Sunday night dinners.

"You see, she hasn't had a fair chance yet, but she's awfully ambitious, and we all have hopes."

Remington nodded understandingly. He knew the type of artist, though the rosy colors in which Dobson had painted the dinner prospective had rather confused him.

"She lived on a farm—her folks had all kinds of money, blooded stock and all that—and they sent her to boarding

"I WANT TO BE YOUR TEACHER," REMINGTON SAID.

school. You know how those industrial schools do, sandwich schooling with studio

"Not much. You mustn't make any mistake. She isn't exactly a spring chicken. She'll never see thirty again. But we call her Wilhelmina because she likes it—makes her feel as if she was one of us."

"So does art defer to appetite," murmured Remington as he lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Well, you wait. She went back home from school and took care of both the old folks till they died, three weeks apart. Then she sold out everything in Delhaven and set up her studio here in New York. She's brought along a lot of the family heirlooms, mahogany, hand woven stuff and all that, and it's the greatest spot ever."

"I don't doubt for a moment," agreed Remington good humoredly.

"Well, say, you want to be careful about those. She took the correspondence course in art after she went home, and you know what that means. She's an impressionist, and—"

"Never mind borrowing details. I am prepared for the worst."

Three minutes later he was standing, stricken dumb, in a most gracious presence. As he looked into her clear gray eyes, well set beneath a broad white forehead, he remembered having seen just one such face in his busy life. It was the face of an Englishwoman of title, whose peculiar gifts as a mother had made her greatly beloved of all.

"Did any one ever tell you how much you resemble the Countess of W.?" he demanded suddenly.

Wilhelmina flushed faintly and shook her head.

"You are English that you don't seem to belong here at all."

"Oh, but I do belong here, and I'm every inch American. I have a latch key of my very own, and no English girl has that."

All during dinner Remington watched his hostess curiously. She seemed so utterly out of place among her guests, harmless, irresponsible chaps, hanging on the ragged edge of art's prosperity, ungroomed girls with enormous mops of hair and yellowed fingers which spoke of the cigarette habit.

"Looks like a Madonna among a bunch of Ohio museum freaks. It's a shame to spoil a good house mother to make a poor artist. Gad, what taste she had in hangings and fittings!"

For Remington was an architect and a good one. He could size up the refinement and true artistic instinct as stamped on a home, irrespective of cost or pretense, and he knew that so far as homemaking was concerned Wilhelmina Stevens was an artist.

Perhaps that was why, when he caught his first glimpse of her canvases, he almost groaned aloud.

"Those birches are wonderfully true," he heard Dobson explain, and he knew that the boy had picked out the one best point in what he felt was a landscape gone on a Saturday night's spree.

The pathos of her pose was to him fairly fascinating. Often after that in crime to the studio, and always his heart sank within him as he realized how absorbed and determined was this lovable, young-old woman. She reminded him of a family friend who would sit enraptured at grand opera or concert and yet who could never strike a single true note or carry a tune and who wept because singing her babies to sleep was a boon denied.

Remington dropped in to see Wilhelmina oftenest when he was sure of finding her alone. He avoided her dinners and teas and chafing dish suppers. He found Wilhelmina's society a real inspiration in his work, for Remington had a mission. He wished to transplant to the suburbs of New York the love of old English architecture which he had absorbed during his year in the English provinces. And Wilhelmina not only appreciated English architecture, but she seemed instinctively to grasp its fundamental principles.

Remington had not dared to tell her how much he had depended upon her working out his plans for the cottage contest in the "ladies' round the year guest." That was why, with triumph lightening his heels and brightening his eyes, he rushed into her studio one stormy March day, the letter of supreme importance held aloft. And Wilhelmina sprang up abruptly from the mass of pillows on her divan and tried bravely but ineffectually to hide her tears.

Remington stopped, joy freezing on his lips at sight of her obvious grief.

"Wilhelmina, what has happened? Tell me at once."

"Daniels sent me home—told me to pack up my brushes and go away. His class was not for such as I."

The wretched truth was out. Daniels, whose special course at the academy was for the chosen few, the few with money to pay, had turned her out, money or no money. Like many a genius, he declined to teach those who gave no promise.

And Remington realized bitterly that the blow had been doubly hard because of the false hopes raised in this woman's heart by those who had feasted at her board.

Like a whiff from the sheer pine his inspiration.

"I am sorry if you are disappointed, dear girl," he said, drawing her gently down on the divan and gripping her hand hard. "It is, but it gives me the opportunity to tell you what I wanted to say to you a long time. Will you drop the whole business, Daniels and studio and all, and be my wife? Will you be the mistress of my home and the inspiration of my work? Will you?"

"Do you think I could paint?"

His words had been falling in her ardent ears. She raised those wonderful eyes to his, drank in every word, her lips curved into a smile pathetically brave and womanly. And again Remington did the thing he had not anticipated. He bent over deliberately and kissed the lovely lips.

"I want to be your teacher," he said gently. "Not for a few weeks, or months, but always. Why, you know we've done those cottage drawings together, and from the letters we'll build one of those cozy houses on the Sound I was showing you last week. In the hills we'll have our studio. Think of the chances we get there, with the whole of New York harder to inspire us! And some day, when Daniels wants us to design a house for him we'll lunch and talk him down."

"Donald Remington," she said, sternly suppressing the dancing light in her eyes, "do you call this a proposal of partnership or matrimony?"

"Look me in the eye and ask that question again," he said.

Her glance fell before his.

"I am thirty-four tomorrow," she murmured faintly.

"You are the loveliest woman in the world and the only one for me. I knew that the first time I saw you. Besides, I am of age myself. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"I will not!" gasped the astonished Wilhelmina.

"Why not?" argued Remington.

"Because I give a dinner tomorrow night to a crowd—and there is no time to call it off. It was to celebrate the coming of Daniels."

Just for an instant the shadow of regret fell upon her lovely face, and, Remington, seeing it, took her in his arms.

"Bless the old bear! If he'd pronounced you a genius where would I have been?"

His Position.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Leggitt Fergrubb, your honor," answered the prisoner, a red nosed specimen of the genus hobo.

"You are charged with vagrancy, having no visible means of support and being a common nuisance in the neighborhood. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I hain't got no visible means of support, your honor, but that ain't my fault. I'm out of work."

"Have you tried to get work?"

"I couldn't begin to tell you, your honor, how hard I've tried."

"I suppose not. How long is it since you have had any occupation?"

"'Bout a year, or it may be two years."

"What was your last job?"

"I had a position in a barber shop."

"A position? What kind?"

"Juxtaposition, your honor. I was next."

"Six months in the workhouse!" roared the police justice. "Call the next case!"—Chicago Tribune.

SELF EVIDENT.

What the Man Wanted When He Got in the Barber's Chair.

The baldheaded man with four days' growth of beard on his chin entered the barber's shop and sat down in one of the operating chairs.

"Shave, sir?"

"No!" growled the man in the chair. "I want to be measured for a suit of clothes."

"This isn't a tailor shop, sir."

"What is it?"

"It's a barber shop."

"What work do you do in this shop?"

"Shave men and cut their hair, sir."

"Do you think a man with no hair on his head would come here to have his hair cut?"

"No, sir."

"Then, presuming me to be a sane man, but baldheaded, what would you naturally suppose I came for?"

"For a shave."

"Then why did you ask me if I wanted a shave when I took a seat in your chair? Why didn't you go to work at once? If some of you barbers would cultivate a habit of inferring from easily ascertained data, instead of developing such wonderful conversational powers, it would be of material aid in advancing you in your chosen vocation and of expanding your profits. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man as he began to lather the customer's face in a dazed sort of way. And he never even asked him if he wanted brilliantine on when the operation was performed.

EPICURES STUDY HOTELS.

Then They Go One Place or Another, as Fancy Dictates.

Epicures accustomed to dining in hotels and restaurants study the policy of each fashionable place and readily tell just why they go to one place or avoid another. They have their likes and dislikes, aside from actual eating, regarding the waiters, the music, the ventilation and a hundred and one other things a casual visitor would fail to appreciate.

For instance, at one restaurant only single portions are served for one person. At another where the cooking is equally good half portions, nearly or quite as large as the portions of other restaurants for one person, are served at a little more than half price. It looks like an order to make customers, on a check for $1 or $2, think for two. It was explained in court, as it were, but the hotel manager replied that these customers, knowing when the customer is a regular visitor, know he never forgets the details of his eating and is sure to resolve in error.

Another peculiarity of diners is as to the location of tables. Some persons, coming to one table and discovering it occupied by another in their favorite seat, Restaurant proprietors have tried to understand this peculiarity of their patrons, but have to admit they fail to explain.—St. Louis Republic.

Why Naval Uniforms Are Blue.

Naval uniforms all the world over pretty well are navy blue. The British fashion in this matter has been the rule with maritime people in general. That blue was once selected for the king's naval service was a fortuitous happening. When in 1747 the question of uniform was being considered the color selected had very little to have been French gray laced with silver. While the king was still not quite decided he saw the duchess of Bedford in a riding habit of blue faced with white and embroidered with gold lace. It was a revelation. Here, the king declared, was the uniform for his sea service officers, and no more was heard of French gray. The navy took to blue, and every other navy has taken to it since.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Reasonable Translation.

The teacher was telling the class in fourth grade geography about the great seats of the different states, using the pictures in the dictionary as the basis of the lesson. Pointing to the seat of Virginia, she asked:

"Now, who can tell me from this picture what should be the meaning of these Latin words: Sic semper tyrannis?"

Bobby's hand went up.

"All right, Bobby; you may tell us."

"Take your foot off my neck," was Bobby's reply.—Judge.

Tit For Tat.

The Japanese do not like to be called Japs. A noted diplomat was traveling from Tokyo to Yokohama when an American in the car leaned across and said, "Say, what 'ese are you, Chinese or Japanese?"

Quick as a flash came in excellent English: "May I inquire what 'key' are you, Yankee or monkey?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Eastern Question.

"Pop, have you ever been east?"

"Yes. I spent a year in New York city when I was considerably younger than I am now."

"Well, what is the 'eastern question?'"

"The only one I ever heard was, 'How much is he worth?'"—Chicago Tribune.

Human Nature.

Take the case of the fellow in the next block. You have always considered him uppish. He has considered you uppish. One day you are introduced, and then each of you discovers the other to be a pretty good sort.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

There are enough serious things in life without considering yourself one of them.—Cynic's Calendar.

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP
Mothers endorse it — Children like it — Tastes so good
E. C. DeWITT & CO. CHICAGO
Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing Opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels, contains no Opiates.
Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Gregory's Fortune.

By Barry Preston.

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The candles in the thousands of Japanese lanterns which flooded the lawn with their soft light were burning low. Here and there one would sputter uncertainly and then go out, leaving a break in the long lines of various colored illumination.

The orchestra in its palm bordered pavilion played a final selection, after which the musicians put their instruments in the cases with businesslike finality. The crowd which an hour earlier had fairly swarmed the place was now thinning out to a few scattered groups. Already the gayly costumed young ladies at the various booths were beginning to put away their remaining wares, yawning openly as they wearily took account of stock and compared notes on the sales they had made.

The annual bazaar for the Home For Incurables always came to just such a stereotyped, successful ending.

Quite apart from the other lotterers, on a rustic bench beneath a towering maple, Peter Gregory watched the proceedings about him the while he smoked a contemplative cigarette. He had done his duty nobly. He had taken the many booths in order, permitting himself to be swindled at each and making prodigal purchases of useless things, which he promptly gave away.

One booth only he had not visited, and that was the one where, for the *amazingly small* sum of $1, you could have your horoscope cast, your past read, and your future forecast by "Mlle. Nazro, Matchless Egyptian Seer, First Appearance in America." If one were to believe the lurid poster just outside of the flap of the Graham children's lawn tent.

Gregory glanced at the tent in question and puffed somewhat faster at

"YOU HAVE A RIVAL," SAID SHE.

the cigarette, as if he were endeavoring to steel his nerves for an ordeal. For certain reasons he had waited to have his fortune told until the fortune teller should be quite alone. Even as he looked two stout, middle aged women, accompanied by a prosperous looking man, came laughingly out of the tent and made their way toward the street. Behind them Mlle. Nazro stood in the tent's entrance, looking across the grounds.

Gregory tossed the cigarette aside, got to his feet and took a long breath. Then he strolled sedately to the fortune teller's booth and removed his hat in a deferential salute.

"Am I too late to consult the future?" he asked.

The young woman before him smiled rather wearily, but with a certain well simulated professional welcome. She was a tall young woman, with a superb figure. Her blue eyes twinkled merrily. Her face was dyed an oriental tint with grease paint, and her lips were very red from the same reason. From beneath the dark wig that covered her head a single lock of blond hair strayed out rebelliously.

"You are rather late," she said, "but perhaps we can manage your future, or at least a part of it, before all the lights go out. Will you please come into the tent? Will you have it by the palm or the cards?" she asked as she seated herself before a small table gay with bright paper and tinsel.

"The cards, if you please. I think them much more reliable," said he gravely as he sat down opposite her.

She produced a deck of cards, and pushed them toward him.

"Cut them, if you will," said she.

Gregory split the deck, and the girl turned the cards face up.

"Ah," she murmured as the dance of hearts was displayed, "you are in love—very much in love."

"Admitted!" said he quickly.

He looked at her with such concentration that her eyes fell, and in her flurry she dropped some of the cards. Gregory picked them up and returned them to the table.

For a moment she manipulated the deck; then she tossed on to the table the jack of diamonds.

"You have a rival," said she, "a big, light man. He is very rich." And she laid the ten of diamonds beside the jack.

"Right again," said Gregory. "Mlle. Nazro, your insight or the cards, whichever it is, is positively uncanny. Now tell me more about the lady, please. Does she favor me or my rival?"

There was more manipulating of the deck, more cutting by Gregory, and the girl looked keenly at a card in her hand.

"Which does she seem to favor?" Gregory asked, leaning forward.

"You," the girl said simply.

With a sudden, swift movement Gregory caught one of the girl's hands in his own, but she drew it away, not without a certain hauteur.

"This is only according to the cards please remember," she said in a low voice.

"Oh!" said Gregory contritely. "Forgive me. I thought—that is, I hoped"—

"And according to the cards," said the girl hurriedly in very evident effort to cover her embarrassment, "the lady whom you love is dark."

She pushed the queen of clubs toward him.

For a long time Gregory looked at her steadily. Then a hint of a smile curved the corners of his mouth.

"Of course this is all according to the cards," he suggested.

There was a long pause.

"Not wholly," the girl confessed, her face turned from him.

"To what, then, are we indebted for the rest of it?" he asked.

"Oh, to—to intuition and—and to insight."

Gregory laughed outright. It was a ringing, contagious laugh. He caught up the queen of clubs and sailed her far out on to the lawn.

"Exit the dark lady," he said. "There never was one. The girl I—the girl who is everything to me is no dark," he ended, looking meaningly at the one blond lock that crept from beneath the wig.

The girl arose in some confusion.

"I'm—I'm very much afraid I can't tell you any more about the future," said she. "I think we'd best consider this sitting ended."

"Oh, no, indeed," Gregory declared pleasantly. "There's a lot more to be settled yet. That rival, for instance—how about him? What shall we do with him?"

There was a long silence.

"We've got to do something about the rival," Gregory maintained.

The girl picked up the jack of diamonds and the ten spot with it.

"If it's not the dark lady," she said in a very low voice, "the rival doesn't count—neither he nor his riches."

She tore the two cards in pieces and tossed them from her. In an instant Gregory was on his feet.

"Violet!" he cried. "Violet, you mean"—

"It was the cards," she said feebly.

"It was not," he declared flatly springing to her side.

A half hour later as Gregory was leaving the grounds he encountered Tom Briggs.

"Going to take the car home, Peter?" the latter inquired, with a mystifying chuckle.

"Certainly," said Gregory. "What is there so funny about that?"

"Nothing," said Briggs, with another covert gurgle, "nothing whatever, only Peter, as an old and trusted friend, I'd advise you to wash that bit of carmine paint off your chin before you go."

Value of an Automaton Face.

"When I first came to New York," confessed a girl art student, "I thought all the women had repellent, putty faces. It seemed to me I never saw such blank walls of expressionless faces. I would get into a street car and look about me and could not detect any sign that any one else knew I existed. Women looked right through me as if I were a pane of window glass. I soon found out, however, that an expressionless face in a woman's profession. It is not that New York women cannot look bright and interested; it is because they dare not show any friendliness in public. When I first came, being from a smaller city where every one knows every one else, I would get on a car in a lively manner, look about me, smile and study the people, just as I would do at home. I soon saw men returning my friendly looks with disapprobative stares. They naturally thought I was trying to start a flirtation. Several times I was followed as a penalty for my too interested manner, and I began to adopt the New York way. Now I go in many parts of the city acting as near like an automaton as I can, seeing no one, never expressing any interest or emotion in my face, and have learned the secret of going about this big city unmolested."—New York Times.

Poverty and Luxury.

Poverty and luxury—these are the diseases of our industrial regime, to the cure of which the Socialists offer their ineffectual remedy—ineffectual since the population of the United States is made up of 90,000,000 individuals, some of whom will be forever on the verge of bankruptcy, however great their income, and some frugal and always carrying their account on the right side of the balance sheet, however small their annual allotment of wealth.

Poverty and luxury are twin diseases sapping the life of society, the one destroying ambition by withholding sufficient nourishment to the body, the other rendering men worthless to society by a superabundance of the good things of life. Poverty is a disease not indigenous to our American soil. It is a plague brought in by immigrant ships from wornout Europe, and the patients are cured here by the thousands. So long as there remains an uncultivated acre of land anywhere in the Union there is no real cause for poverty nor any excuse for luxury while a foot of land is undeveloped.—J. T. Lincoln in Atlantic.

Quiet.

Patience—Did you have a quiet time up in the country?

Patrice—Oh, yes. You see, auntie's parrot had just died and the phonograph was out of order!

What Is Education?

Herbert Spencer tells us in one short, pregnant sentence that the function of education is to prepare us for complete living.

A true chord is touched by Sydney Smith when he urges the importance of happiness as an aid to education. He says, "If you make children happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it."

Equally wise are the words of Sir John Lubbock: "Knowledge is a pleasure as well as a power. It should lead us all to try with Milton to behold the bright countenance of truth in the still air of study."

Twain's Emancipation.

An honorary degree was once conferred on Mark Twain by a humble institution in a Missouri town that had known him when he was playing Tom Sawyer there in real life.

It happened that the degree conferring ceremonial took place one lazy day in June and the newspapers generally were suffering from a total collapse of everything in the way of news.

One New York news editor called the hand with a decorative fine tooth comb and got a dry hand for his pains. Then, recalling that Mark Twain was getting his honorary degree that very day, it occurred to him that a message direct from the famous author might relieve the situation to the news. After much scratching of the editorial idea factory he evolved this query, which was transmitted to Mark Twain by wire:

How does it feel to be a doctor of laws? Please wire answer at our expense.

After a wait of several hours this characteristic response came hot over the wire from Missouri:

It feels like emancipation from ignorance and glee. MARK TWAIN.

Clay and the Salary Grab.

"Quinn," said an old member one day, "I heard you worrying about the mileage. Did you ever hear the story of Clay and the salary grab?"

"No," I replied.

"When Clay was speaker," he continued, "along about 1816, the crowd raised their salaries to $1,500 a year. There was a great howl all over the country, and when Clay reached home in Kentucky he found old one armed John Pope, a Federalist, out after his scalp to beat the band and all the Clay adherents ominously silent. Worried and anxious, Clay sought out his old barber, who had always been enthusiastic in his advocacy and who happened to be an Irishman. 'I trust I may count on your hearty support, as usual?' Clay asked. 'Faith, Mr. Clay,' said the Irish barber, 'I think I shall vote at this time for the man who can get but one hand into the Treasury.'"—Success Magazine.

Treason and Reason.

Archbishop Ryan once concluded a brilliant defense of the Irish cause when a listener shouted:

"But the Irish are guilty of treason!"

"Perhaps," replied the archbishop, "but please remember that what is treason elsewhere becomes reason in Ireland because of the absentee."—Cleveland Leader.

His Status.

"Is that ex-New Yorker who likes London so well a naturalized Englishman?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "merely a denaturalized American."

His Only Chance.

Mother (to Tommy, haven't I told you you are not to talk when I am talking? Tommy—But, mamma, you won't let me stay up after you go to bed!—Sketch.

Old Time Drunkenness.

In reviewing "The Life of Marie Joseph, Duke of Saxe," the London Spectator comments on the light in which drunkenness was regarded at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There was a christening of twins and rejoicing among the neighbors, tenants and laborers. "All the guests," says Marie, "were as drunk as I ever had the pleasure of seeing any one." Among the laborers, however, that extent of intoxication was not reached which causes men to be swine."

Lady Sheffield, who received this account of the festivities, replies: "I would have given a great deal to be present. There is nothing I love so much as such sort of festivities, where one has the satisfaction of knowing that one makes one's friends happy as well as drunk." In London, she declares, "when you give a ball you affront many people, please a few, make many drunk and yourself miserable."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 15, 1903:

Gentili Pietro.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

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I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the proofs it costs you nothing.

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Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

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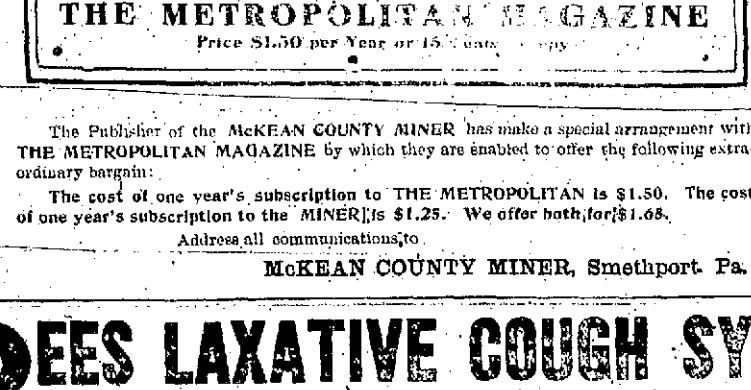

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